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The Week

GREAT BRITAIN has answered the loan embargo on defaulters passed by Congress by deciding to discontinue even her "token" payments on war debts. In this she will probably be followed by all the other debtor nations except Finland. That puts it up to us. In the present state of world commerce none of the debtor nations can pay. If prosperity should return, there is just one chance of real payment—a lowering of our tariffs sufficient to increase substantially the amount of imports to this country and bring about a reversal of the balance of payments to which American economic life has for many years become accustomed. In this dilemma, the most sensible course would naturally be complete and prompt cancellation. But this is as far outside the realm of political possibility as prompt payment is outside the realm of economic possibility. Probably there will be renewed and long continued negotiations resulting in a new reduction and a new funding, accompanied by some declaration of intention that this declaration will not be carried out. Then there will be another debt crisis and another effort to dodge the stubborn facts.

REFUSAL by the Federal Court at Wilmington to enjoin the Weirton Steel Company from interfering with the labor election that was to have been supervised by the National Labor Board is based largely on the absence of oral testimony. Nothing is said in the opinion about the merits of the case except that they are complicated, and that the court is unable to judge the facts from a literary output of 234 affidavits filed by the government and 836 filed by the steel company. The absence of a decision on the questions involved prevents the government from presenting them to the Supreme Court. The whole thing must be done over again, after delays the length of which no one can estimate. The steel company is in a more strategic position than if the government had lost the suit. Apparently the government thought that the Norris-La Guardia Act, preventing injunctions in labor disputes on affidavits alone, did not apply where the injunction was sought against the employer. However, injunctions based solely on affidavits have long been in disfavor and have often been denied, wholly apart from any legislation. The value of such documents as evidence depends too much on their literary style and persuasiveness. This dispute has been before the government in one form or another for a long time, and there can be little excuse for lack of preparation. The government has experienced all the disadvantages of a major defeat, without the compensating advantage of the opportunity to appeal; it has added to the delay of a case already too long delayed, and has lost any confidence that labor leaders might have in its ability to prosecute cases with vigor and skill and emerge with a victory for labor.

ONE of the most oppressive labor injunctions ever issued in New York State was recently granted the Standard Baking Company in Brooklyn by Supreme Court Justice Leander B. Faber. By the terms of its thirty-eight specific prohibitions the employees of the company are restrained from every form of strike or picket activity—they must not even *talk* about their strike. Neither the Bakery and Confec-

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strike) nor any of its members is permitted to communicate to the public by any means whatsoever that a strike is in process or that the injunction against them has been issued. Mr. Justice Faber erred in one respect only; he did his job so well he stepped on the toes of the newspapers. The day after his order was issued the dark secret of the strike was on the front pages, which it certainly would never have reached otherwise. The International Juridical Association, which has made a special study of injunctions, points out that this latest one, sweeping as its terms are, does not differ greatly from many others that have come out of Brooklyn in recent months. In a letter to Governor Lehman, the Association remarks that the "Supreme Court Justices in Brooklyn have, time after time, upon conflicting affidavits, issued injunctions against labor unions forbidding peaceful picketing and practically every other legal form of labor activity, including even continuance of a strike."

SUCH judicial abuse is, of course, no longer possible in the federal courts since the enactment of the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act. The need for similar state legislation is clear. This would give labor a chance to be heard in court *before* the injunction is issued, and would restrict the use of injunctions to disputes in which violence or destruction of property is imminent. And most important of all, those accused of violating an injunction would be entitled to a jury trial, as against the customary contempt proceedings. Several bills covering these points were introduced in the last session of the New York State Legislature, but died in committee. Governor Lehman should submit these bills to the proposed special session, and urge their speedy passage. Only in this way can labor's collective-bargaining rights be protected against the Justice Fabers. Other states that have not already done so should also, of course, follow the federal example.

FOR a long time the Socialist party in this country has been governed by a group of right-wingers who only last year consented to a qualified endorsement of Soviet Russia, and who in domestic policy have been almost indistinguishable from reformers and progressives in general, except that on many issues they have been perhaps to the right of advanced non-Socialist opinion. Under their leadership no coalescing of radical groups was possible. In the recent convention a more leftward contingent, led by Norman Thomas, finally ousted them from control. The chief issue was action in case of another war. The party, by its new vote, is pledged to active resistance, including if feasible a mass strike, instead of merely to expression of opposition. Another resolution, while not abandoning the hope of peaceful and parliamentary means of establishing socialism, sanctions forcible action in case a minority of reactionaries should forcibly resist an to undertake government in behalf of the working class, even if it has not won a majority at the polls, "if the capitalist system should collapse in a general chaos and confusion, which cannot permit of orderly procedure." All this is to be subject to a referendum of the party members, who will probably support it. Of course it does not mean, in spite of the horrified protests of those on the right, that the Socialists now intend to bring about a government overturn by violent means. It merely means that American Socialists, unlike those in Germany, do not intend to float to destruction on a simple faith in democracy after their opponents have destroyed democracy itself. Naturally the resolutions will not mean anything at all in reality unless the Socialists accumulate a vastly larger following.

THE action of William Randolph Hearst in the case of his discharged editorial writer in California, Mr. R. L. Burgess, shows pretty clearly what the newspapers had in mind when they held up the newspaper code so long on the ground that it might interfere with "freedom of the press." Mr. Burgess, who had had many years of successful service as a writer of editorials, was chairman of The San Francisco Examiner chapter of the newly formed Newspaper Guild—an organization of newswriters and editorial employees. He asked the management of The Examiner when it was going to put into practice President Roosevelt's request for a forty-hour week. Four days later he was discharged. Ever since then the Guild has been attempting to make the Regional Labor Board grant a hearing on his case—for he was obviously discharged for organizational activities. But Mr. Hearst is a power in California, and the Board delayed. A near riot was necessary to force it to pay attention to the case. When the hearing was finally held, the local chairman evinced every evidence of prejudice against the Guild and Mr. Burgess. The Hearst counsel sent a letter arguing that the Board had no jurisdiction and stating that an order to reinstate Mr. Burgess would infringe on the freedom of the press—in spite of the fact that his supporters had offered to have him taken back in any other capacity than as editorial writer. The Board refused to act, and the case is now appealed to Washington. Freedom of the press in practice thus seems to mean the right of newspaper magnates to discharge employees who try to obtain shorter hours.

NO AMOUNT of boastful National Socialist propaganda can conceal the serious nature of the crisis that is shaking Germany's economic life to its foundations. The private creditors' conference in Berlin has just granted a six months' interest moratorium and already there is anxious discussion whether the Reich will be in a position to meet interest payments on the Young and Dawes pact loans. On May 9 the Reichsbank reported reserves in gold and foreign exchange of 5.4 percent, on May 15 of

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radical import restrictions, coverage is rapidly approaching the vanishing point. Germany's export trade has fallen from a monthly average of 478,000,000 marks in 1932 to an average of 325,000,000 per month for the first four months of 1934. This loss of 150,000,000 marks per month has practically wiped out the profits that she once derived from her foreign trade. But while exports were thus reduced by almost two billion marks, imports remained practically unchanged. Germany is today in the position of a business man who must watch his income drop from month to month without being able to decrease his expenditures. In business this means bankruptcy. In the life of a nation it cannot be otherwise.

WHILE it approaches economic crisis, Nazidom's persecution of radical oppositional groups becomes more savage from day to day. Franz Klühs, a former editor of the Social Democratic Vorwärts (Berlin), is to be tried before the *Volksgericht*, one of the special political tribunals empowered to pass death sentences on all persons charged with opposition to the regime. In Breslau alone 111 Communists have been charged with high treason and are being tried at present for offenses committed eighteen months ago. The trial of Ernst Thälmann, the leader of the Communist party, is being prepared with the greatest care. This time the government is determined to get its pound of flesh and will avoid the mistakes that made the Reichstag fire trial a farce in the eyes of the outside world. Thälmann will be the first of a long line of Communists to be legally murdered by the Nazi juggernaut. Every new low in the economic status of the Reich will release a new flood of terrorism against oppositional elements in the nation.

BUT there are reserves of courage and self-respect in German labor that no Nazi terror has been able to overcome. In the shop-council elections held during April and May in all important industrial undertakings in the country, Germany's workers demonstrated their refusal to submit to intolerable conditions. Although no official figures have been given out, returns published by Nazi newspapers in a number of localities, and confidential reports gathered by Socialist and Communist underground organizations, show that the candidates of the government everywhere suffered moral if not actual defeat. Only in rare instances did the Nazi candidates receive 50 percent of the vote cast. Everywhere the majority of those voting used obstructionist methods to express their disapproval. In many shops, 70 to 80 percent of the ballots were void. Blank ballots, ballots with fictitious names or ballots on which only one or two of the official list of Nazi candidates received the approval of the voter far outnumbered the valid votes. Hitler's honeymoon is waning. The fantastic spell that lay over Germany's workers is breaking. Life is becoming real.

ONE feature of the domestic-allotment plan under the A.A.A., previously overlooked, has been brought into prominence by the drought in the wheat regions. For years farmers have been clamoring for crop insurance. Now the benefit payments under the allotment plan are going to provide very much the same thing. The allotments are worked out on the basis of the average production of each farmer for the previous five years. The government agrees to give him a benefit payment on a certain percentage of his average production during this test period, in return for his agreement to restrict acreage. If his new crop is totally destroyed by a drought or other natural calamity, he gets the payment just the same. This has already been demonstrated in South Dakota. Last year, wheat production in that state was 5,120,000 bushels, compared with 53,468,000 bushels the year before. Its value, at December farm prices, was only $3,076,000. Nevertheless, the South Dakota farmers have already received $3,425,677 in adjustment payments from the government, or more than the entire value of their crop, and when these payments are completed, the growers will have received more than $5,000,000. If their crop had been of normal size, it would presumably have sold for about $30,000,000. Thus, where the drought would have cut their income to one-tenth its customary amount, the adjustment payments have brought it up to more than one-quarter. The same kind of protection is offered by the plans for cotton, corn, hogs and tobacco. It is, as Mr. George E. Farrell of the A.A.A. has recently declared, the largest crop insurance ever undertaken anywhere in the world.

Is Revival Coming?

ALL THIS spring cheerful figures have filled the press, and there has been a general assumption that the worst of the depression is over and that at last we have started on the long upgrade. This feeling is worth a critical examination, now that a pause in progress seems to have arrived. Where are we, and in which direction are we going?

It must first be remembered that the handy but crude device of comparing one month of a given year with the same month of the preceding year may be extremely delusive under certain circumstances. In February and March, 1933, we were experiencing the bank panic, and in the United States most of the depression curves were close to the bottom. The February and March figures this year were, of course, much better than last, but such a comparison means relatively little. After March, 1933, a rapid spurt of production took place, reaching a high point in July. Figures for April and May of this year, as they come out, are likely to show much less favorably in comparison with corresponding months of 1933. And June and July, 1934, will probably be lower than a year ago.

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steadily fell off, and ceased its drop at a point above the depression low, but still beneath the average of 1931. Then began the current upturn—a revival occurring earlier in the year than that which came in with Roosevelt, but one apparently of smaller magnitude. In March we had about got back to the level of the previous September, which had been reached on a downswing. The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production, adjusted to eliminate the influence of normal seasonal variations, stood at 85 in March, 1934, as compared with 84 in September, 1933. It had been 100 in July. At the March, 1934, stage, it was 42 percent above the bottom of the depression, but 33 percent below the peak of 1929. In ordinary depressions, production does not drop so much as 33 percent from peak to trough. And we must remember two important facts regarding the peak 1929 production: (1) since the population has increased in the past five years, a higher production than in 1929 would be necessary to supply the same amount of goods per capita, and (2) since advances in efficiency have greatly increased output per man-hour, a much larger production than in 1929 would be necessary to furnish the same number of man-hours of employment. (The advance in output per man-hour in these years was approximately 25 percent. Though some of this advance may be lost as employment grows, by no means all of it will be.)

If we turn from industrial production to construction, we find that the Federal Reserve Board index of contracts awarded rose from the amazingly low figure of 14 in March and April, 1933 (on a base of 100 for the average of 1923-25), to a high of 57 in December. After that it fell back to 33 in March, 1934. Contracts awarded mean actual building in future months, and hence the December "high" indicates some increase of activity this year. But the increase and subsequent decline in contracts awarded reflect almost entirely the public-works program; private construction, especially residential, has not revived. The fact that the government has now apportioned most of the appropriated public-works funds indicates that little more stimulus can be expected on this score.

Factory employment and pay rolls make a somewhat better showing. Although production began to fall after the spurt a year ago, which ended in July, employment and pay rolls kept rising until September. This was undoubtedly a reflection of the first flush of the movement for shorter hours and minimum wages. There was no further improvement during the winter. The Federal Reserve Board's adjusted employment index of 74 in September and October declined to 72 for November, December and January. The upturn of production this spring brought it up to 75 in March. However, according to the conservative A.F. of L. estimate, there were still over 10,000,000 unemployed. Perhaps 250,000 more found employment in April. But, with the dismantling of the C.W.A., relief drought may raise crop prices, but only at the expinsistent. Factory pay rolls, which had achieved the dizzy figure of 68 last September (still 32 percent below the average of 1923-25), fell off again to 55 in December, and by March had climbed back to 63. Even at this spring's peak, it is doubtful if the wage earners will have so much money to spend as they did at the top of 1933.

Another index of general business activity is commercial loans of the banks. Reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve system in 91 leading cities had, on April 25, 1934, outstanding loans (not on security collateral) of $4,604,000,000. This is the smallest figure reported for many months, and reflects a steady shrinkage from the $5,000,000,000 achieved last November. Most of the banks' credit has been going into investment in government securities, and any stimulating effect this may have is reflected in the expenditures on public works and relief.

So far, this picture is undoubtedly one of some improvement over catastrophic lows, but whether it is recovery or not is a matter of definition. Certainly no level has been reached that is a cause for satisfaction. There is little doubt that we have now passed the top of the spring movement. Whether it will mean much in the long run will depend, first, on the depth of the expected summer recession and, second, on whether advance is renewed in the fall. Concerning this we can only guess. It depends on a number of factors.

Much hinges on the behavior of the heavy industries making capital and other durable goods; for in these the drop has been the greatest and the volume of unemployment is largest. There is little sign of a further revival of construction, which normally furnishes a large part of the market for the heavy industries. There are few flotations of new private security issues, which are ordinarily the forerunners of investment in capital goods. The financial community has been blaming the Securities Act and the threatened stock-exchange legislation for the dearth of new investment, but there is no sign that without these there would be much demand for new buildings, plants and machinery. Every industry believes itself overequipped. Many have programs of output restriction and discouragement of new investment. The housing supply is short, certainly, for those who haven't the money to live decently, but there is still a surplus of more expensive houses and apartments.

Price disparities, which make economic activity difficult, are largely uncorrected. Last November, the index of prices of farm products was 58.7, and of all commodities other than farm products and foods was 77.5. This ratio was better than at the bottom of the depression, to be sure, but since then the disparity has not been improved. On May 26, farm products stood at 60.1, other commodities at 79. Each has gained about 1.5 points, leaving the relationship between them about the same. The

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will have little or no income except what the government gives them. Capital goods are still relatively high in price, thus offering a discouragement to sales. Metals and metal products, on May 26, stood at 88.7, building materials at 87.2. Prices of both had increased under the New Deal, though they were already higher than other prices. Manufactures in general have been subject to effective price boosting under the codes.

What can the administration pull next out of its grab bag? Nothing is in sight of sufficient importance to offer great promise. Indeed, the rumor is that in general it now intends to backwater, to "reassure" business by relative inactivity, and to wait for natural recovery. That utopia of production somewhat better than 1929 still glimmers in the hazy distance.

Russia Shifts the Scenes

WHEN Litvinov made his first appearance at a League of Nations Conference six years ago he was met by the punctilious diplomats of the Great and Lesser Powers with condescension. Some time ago The New Yorker told a delightful story of the horror of a group of British diplomats who, having refused to accept even a personal introduction to the despised Russian, found themselves sitting at his side one evening when the lights went up during a cinema performance and precipitously left the scene of their discomfiture, to the Russian's expansive amusement.

At that time only a very few of the nations of Europe had accorded the Soviets official recognition. Russia would not have been received as a member of the League even if she had wanted to participate in the diplomatic conversations of a capitalist world. Admission to the League has always been contingent by statute on the formal confirmation by all its members that the applicant has proved her good faith in international affairs. Which of the nations—with the possible exception of Germany and Italy—would have condescended to such an admission in 1928?

And at that time Moscow's leaders had not the slightest intention of applying for admission at Geneva. To the Russian mentality of those days the League was the embodiment of imperialist conspiracy against the Soviet system, a modern Holy Alliance, the one and only purpose of which was the speedy conquest of the world's first proletarian state.

Nor was this attitude without reason. To the Polish nationalist, the new Socialist republic was the heir of Tsarist predatory tradition, casting covetous eyes on Warsaw's wealth, on the rich coal and iron deposits of the Dombrowa region and on the thriving textile industry at Lodz, a constant menace to Poland's newly won national independence. France, the protector of the Polish Republic, shared and nurtured this obsession. She annually subsidized Poland's army and creaking state machinery with hundreds of millions because she feared a Russo-German alliance against the French Republic.

Great Britain's attitude was hardly less outspoken. Threadneedle Street and the "City" had not yet found consolation for the loss of their control over the rich oil deposits of Georgia and Baku and the enormously valuable concessions held by British corporations in all parts of the wide flung Tsarist empire. To the British, the question by whom or on what provocation Russia was to be beaten into submission was of no great concern. Britain would be there when it came to a division of the spoils, and would, if necessary, take an active part from the very start.

All this changed when Hitler came to power. Europe no longer sees its enemy in the East. Today it looks to a strong Soviet Russia to help keep Fascist Germany in her place by forcing the Nazis to divide the strength of the Reichswehr and their black and brown armies between two fronts. No matter how rapidly she prepares, Germany will not be able to build an army strong enough to challenge the combined strength of Poland, France and the Soviets. The French-Russian military accord, which, according to conflicting cables, has already been or is about to be consummated, will have put Hitler and his advisers into a more reflective mood. German Fascism will have to postpone its high-flown dreams of world conquest for a few years at least—enough years, the world devoutly hopes, to outlast its own survival on the world's stage.

Six years ago France left no stone unturned to exclude the Soviet Union from the League of Nations. Today she is vitally interested in persuading the Soviets to apply for membership. Not that Russia requires much persuasion; she is more than ready to take the step. What she has feared is the possibility of a humiliating rejection of her application if some Power or other should object. The visit of the French Foreign Minister Louis Barthou to Warsaw and the negotiations that followed in Prague with the heads of the Little Entente, gave Moscow the required assurance. It is now practically certain that the September session of the League Assembly will accept the Soviet Union into the international conclave.

The Russia of today stands only to win by entry into the League. Two potential enemies—Japan and Germany—are on the outside looking in. Admission of the Soviet Union will be preceded by formal recognition from the states of the Little Entente and the few other nations—with the exception of "proud" Switzerland—that have still held aloof. She will come to the League as the equal of the other Great Powers of Europe. Her delegates will sit at conference tables with those who, except for the presence of her representatives in Geneva, would still intrigue against her interests. Her mere presence there will prevent the League from becoming an instrument for her destruction.

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Russia will derive from admission to the League will be negative rather than positive in character. The League has long since ceased even to pretend to powers it has not had the courage to maintain. It accepted the rape of Manchuria with a few words of declamatory disapproval; it has not been able to check the Lilliputian war between Bolivia and Paraguay. At best it will endeavor to maintain the status quo on the Continent. While it exists and without its approval there will be no revision of the World War peace treaties. Despite its weakness, its ineffectualness and its inability to come to a decision on any important question, it is still a reactionary force because its very being prevents an adjustment of the many wrongs and mistakes committed in 1919-20.

This Moscow has already found out. Russia has always favored drastic revision of the post-war treaties. But today she must choose between a League dominated by anti-revisionist elements or dispense with the protection that she seeks from the League members against enemies on the east and west. She believes the advantages to be gained by membership are of sufficient importance to compensate for the necessity of making common sense with those who oppose revision.

When Litvinov appeared before the Disarmament Conference in 1928, it was to urge complete and absolute disarmament, the abolition of all military, naval and air forces and their respective ministries and the destruction of all heavy weapons, fortresses and munitions factories. Provision was to be made for national and maritime police forces to preserve domestic order and protect property; and the whole plan was to be carried out in either one or four years. The proposal was tabled; in a bitter speech Lord Cushendun accused the Bolsheviks of trying to exploit the situation merely for their own international propaganda. Whereupon the Russian delegates offered another plan providing for gradual and proportional disarmament according to a fixed scale. This time Germany and Turkey supported Litvinov's views. When Litvinov made the same proposal to the Disarmament Conference on February 11, 1933, only Turkey supported his stand. In the interim the Reich had changed its attitude on disarmament.

Last week the Russian delegate once more submitted a plan to the Conference, a plan as realistic as his first was utopian. In view of the tremendous increase of armaments in all nations of Europe, Russia now proposes that the entire question of disarmament be postponed for the time being. In a sensational speech Litvinov emphasized that the Conference must be preserved at all costs. "I would in no way limit either the time of the task of the Conference," he said. "I propose rather to transfer the Conference into a permanent organ affording the maximum defense of security to all states in the defense of general peace. I propose to convert the Conference into a permanent, periodically con-

war and its heavy consequences. . . ." Apparently the Soviet Union has endorsed the French idea of "security"; it wants to prevent war by presenting the greatest possible threat to its potential enemies.

In and of itself the creation of a permanent international peace conference means nothing unless accompanied by a system of pacts and peace guarantees. Such a system, together with the Russian definition of the term aggressor, Litvinov will present to the Disarmament Conference. Stalin has thus declared "check" to Hitler's aim of seeking expansion in the east.

The Russian proposals are interesting, if only for the echo they called forth in the Reich. The Völkische Beobachter promptly questioned the sincerity of Russia's foreign policy, accusing the Soviets of trying to trip up Japan and of attempting to gain the sympathetic attention of the world at large. In a three-column news story headed "Russia's League Entry European Danger," it endeavored, by the judicious use of quotations, to create the impression that Europe regards Russia as a disturber of the peace of nations and tolerates her coöperation only because of the menacing contingencies of the existing international situation.

The Soviet Union's position in the question of international policy is not dictated by idealistic considerations. Its desire for peace is the outgrowth of domestic and internal political needs. But this does not justify doubt about the sincerity of its aims. In a period of deep-rooted international conflicts and armaments it has descended to power politics, instead of pursuing the utopian dream of complete disarmament by capitalist states. It has simply recognized the fact that the supernationalism of its chief opponents is a menace to the peace of every other country in the world, that Germany and Japan cannot be curbed by resolutions. This is, of course, a policy that does not banish the danger of war. But none knows better than the Soviet statesmen that the danger will not be banished in any event, so long as capitalism survives. And none knows better than they that if war comes, Russia is likely to be an object of attack unless she presents overwhelming force to the aggressor.

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Don't Rescue Tenancy: Abolish It

TENANT farming in the cotton and tobacco states has at last attracted national attention. A year ago apparently nobody but novelists, radicals and social scientists had ever heard of tenancy, although nearly half of the Southern white farmers and two-thirds of the Negroes are tenants. If young people could grow up in Southern towns and cities without hearing of it, that was because nobody thought of mentioning so traditional and accepted an arrangement. Very few preachers or teachers and few political leaders spoke of giving land to the people out along Tobacco Road.

Now the limitation of cotton production under the A.A.A. is forcing attention to this traditional Southern institution. Estimates of how many people will be thrown out of their shacks by the cotton-reduction plan range from under 100,000 to as high as 600,000. For these thousands there is no prospect of industrial employment. When tenants leave the farm they merely go on local relief rolls. And as relief capacities are strained to the limit, the slow starvation of three generations now threatens to speed up into quick death or a permanent dole-pauperism for a staggering proportion of the population. Action will have to be taken, but what action and in whose interest?

Short-Range Futility.—It seems at the moment that the administration's object is simply to stabilize the old social order under the new crop program. Eight agricultural-extension workers have been appointed for eight Southern states "to investigate and adjust all complaints, violations and misunderstandings under cotton-adjustment contracts." Obviously it will be impossible for one man to do that for a whole state, especially with our multitudinous laws protecting property rights. Yet apparently these appointments are the sole outcome of the researches and conferences on the dispossession of tenants, the only measures yet taken to prevent landlords from dismissing surplus tenants or depriving those retained of their share of benefit payments.

In thus attempting to protect, reform and stabilize the tenant system against the "dishonest" landlord, the administration runs up against two inalienable rights of private production-ownership: the right to hire and to fire *(e.g.,* to replace a Negro tenant with one's son-in-law, to discharge an employee for whom there is no work—a right never denied industry, the right to substitute low-cost tenants for high-cost ones with fewer working hands and many infant mouths to fill, etc., etc.); second, the right of creditors to demand back payments from individual debtors as long as the debtor has anything to pay with. The crux of the tenant system is that the tenant never (or very seldom) gets out of debt. The "confiscation" of benefit payments by landlords is not a new piece of deviltry, but only the perfectly natural expression of a social-economic relation three generations in the making.

It is difficult to see exactly what specific steps can be taken to deny these property rights, and in any event we are not concerned with them here. What we challenge is the wisdom of trying to stabilize the tenant system, however ingeniously; socially and economically it is too rotten to bear stabilization.

If crisis can ever be said to exist in a region where crises are chronic, the present wholesale dispossession of tenants deserves the name. It provides new proof of the unworkability and injustice of the tenant system and presents ample justification for the abolition of tenancy. This cannot be accomplished overnight, by proclamation, as the slaves were freed. If tenancy is in many respects worse than slavery, it is also as difficult to deal with. Under slavery the Negro stayed in one place, on a plantation that produced its own food and feed. Further, he was too valuable to be allowed to starve or rot. And though slaves were seldom educated, the children of tenant farmers hardly fare better. In rural Mississippi before the depression, for instance, only 60 percent of the white and 40 percent of the Negro children of school age were at school: that is, mainly the children of non-tenant families. The tenants frequently change farms in the middle of the school session, so that even when they can send their children to school the term is broken.

The Stop-Gap of Relief.—Before suggesting the broad outlines of a permanent program for Southern tenants worked out by several students of the problem, let us consider what is already being done by the F.E.R.A. as an emergency measure to take dispossessed tenants off relief rolls.

Surveys have been made in some counties to locate idle lands and vacant houses for the use of destitute families. If possible, landlords are persuaded to lend the land rent-free. Sometimes basic repairs are offered in place of rent. So far, the F.E.R.A. has obtained no funds for materials to repair dilapidated houses. Sometimes a mule can be obtained for several families in a community. Sometimes the landlord's team and tools must be used, in return for which a third or a half of the food crops must be paid (no basic "cash crops" are allowed on contract acres). In one of the counties surveyed, pieces of idle land averaged as much as five acres each. Five acres of rich land would be enough to feed a family, even a large tenant family. Abandoned Southern land, however, is seldom very good

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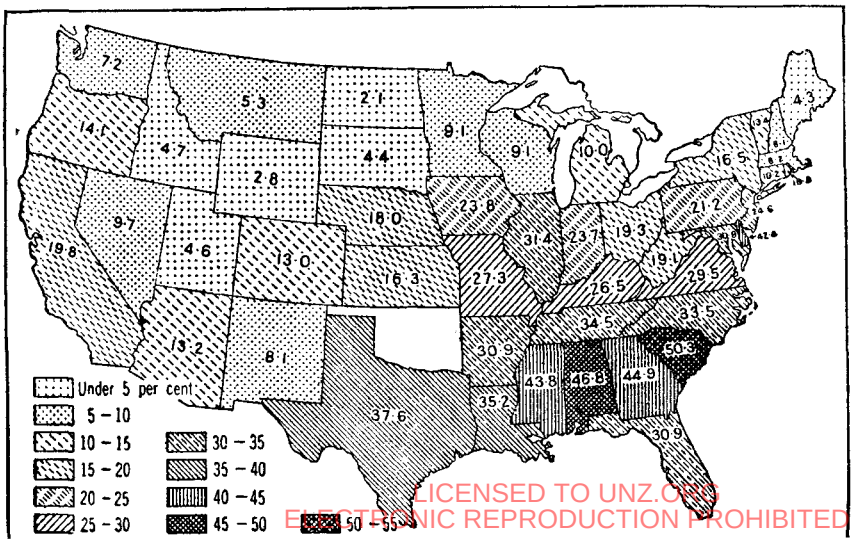
Subsistence Farming.—In the last year we have heard lively debates over the debits and credits of subsistence homesteading. Critics have pointed out the necessity of local industries to provide some cash income; also the necessity of cheap electric power, of good soil, etc. It has been emphasized that only a planned and socially controlled community life can provide subsistence groups with adequate schools, recreation and vocational guidance. President Roosevelt has said that he does not like the sound of the word "subsistence." It implies that people will simply exist and subside. If subsistence homesteading can furnish a worthwhile life only in planned and electrified communities under expert social and agricultural direction—what of isolated tenant families left without a cash crop, isolated on somebody's worn-out land to grub for food with crude tools, with traditionally inadequate living habits, with knowledge of how to grow only cotton or tobacco? What will happen? Nothing. These people will subsist and subside as they have always done. This does not mean they will not suffer. One could offer many true cases of tenant families who are in for a long—and possibly for a lifelong—siege of squatting on sufferance and subsisting on a public relief that is both uncertain and meager.

Because tenant farmers seem to the middle-class urban observer to live under primitive and degrading conditions, he has come to believe that tenants white and black are an innately inferior caste, necessary to the social order and therefore natural to it. To their rural masters tenants are somewhat more human, just as mules seem more human to country than city folk. About 15 percent of tenants are related to landlords, but share tenancy has not for many been the "ladder" to ownership that it has been called. Its rapid increase for seventy years, both numerically and proportionally, damns the "ladder" theory.

Farming Associations.—It will be the function of the few well planned farming communities already projected for the South and organized as experimental farming associations under the Subsistence Homestead Division to prove that people are never innately ignorant, innately malnourished, innately inefficient or unmotivated. It has long been recognized that the American system of scattered land settlement has led to undesirable social results. In Europe, where people farm in compact villages, there is better schooling and more social life and consequently more coöperation, good cheer, greater exchange of new information and better methods of farming, including coöperative credit.

In many parts of the South an area of 300 square miles would be needed to muster 150 high-school children. As in other rural regions, the public-school system has to choose between poorly equipped two and three-room schools or long daily bus transportation of pupils, costly to taxpayers and hard on children. It takes a lot of taxpayers and property to pay for a good school. Many Southern counties could not afford good schools even in prosperous times, and the depression has closed rural schools wholesale.

Essential Conditions of Planning.—The first objection to the experimental-farming associations so far planned for the South is that there are too few of them. They are extremely worthwhile as experiments, but utterly inadequate to meet the need of dispossessed tenants. If we wait two or three years for these experiments to prove themselves, a far less desirable disposition of stranded families may take place. While a few hundred families are "proving" that they had rather work together than starve, an unknown amount of suffering may accumulate elsewhere. Allow time for the public to grow calloused to the existence of a mass of permanently exiled farmers, wait for one or two small scandals to develop in the conduct of homestead experiments, wait for the reaction to develop its ideas on the subject, and you shall have lost for this generation the chance to strike at the heart of the tenant system.



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TENANT FARMERS, 1880

The figures show the percentage of tenants among all farmers. By 1880 the tenant system was firmly established in the cotton belt, but except in the one state of South Carolina, most of the farmers still owned their own land.

This map, like the one on the opposite page, is reproduced from C. O. Paullin's "Atlas of the Historical Geography of the United States," published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington and the American Geographical Society of New York.

There are certain necessary conditions to be laid down for a realistic approach to the problem:

1. Settlements should be completed by the beginning of another crop year (January, 1935), large enough and numerous enough to provide places for several hundred thousand people.

2. Although the size of settlements will vary according to the available acreage of good land, in all cases they must be large enough to support proper schools and medical services, or to contribute substantially to the support of institutions in their neighborhoods.

3. The land must be "average or better." Ownership must be vested in the association in partnership with the federal government. Individual members of the association must hold land on a lease from the association, salable to the association only, whose terms will amortize the original cost of the land and equipment in two ways: first, by the payment of cash interest, as the Subsistence Homestead plan now provides (four percent over a 30-year period); second, by the calculation of value added by labor to the holding (such as the rebuilding of soil, reforestation, the contribution of labor at fixed values to association projects, etc.).

4. A long period of grace must be allowed before lands are forfeited for non-payment of amortization charges—subject, of course, to showing sufficient cause for non-payment.

5. The operation of home-craft projects, mills for grinding grain, for mixing fertilizers, for processing foodstuffs for home use, etc., should be undertaken as far as possible jointly by the membership of the association. In this manner great gains in efficiency over the single-family home-craft method could be had, and community spirit greatly enhanced.

6. Negro tenants, who have suffered longer and perhaps more severely than white tenants, should be accorded a proportionate share of the lands and funds devoted to the associations. In view of present race feeling and in accordance with their own preference, Negro tenants should direct their own associations and communities. It may be easier to attempt genuinely coöperative farming communities in thickly settled plantation areas where dispossessed Negro tenants are especially numerous.

If this is an ambitious proposal, at least it differs only in certain central details from what is already being done. The first of these differences, of course, is the magnitude of the effort. At present only $25,000,000 is available for both urban and rural subsistence projects. Applications totaling over one billion, sound projects which the administration calls desirable, have been received and filed by the Homestead Division. It is true that reëstablishing dispossessed tenants on a sound economic basis would cost as much as ten or twelve battleships; but, unlike battleships, unexploited tenants could pay their way out and end the necessity for direct relief.

The second important difference in this proposal is that ownership is vested in the associations. Each member under this plan adds to his equity from year to year, building a cash value that he can eventually sell to the association. He is not tied to the land, nor is he getting only his vegetables and personal satisfaction out of his labor. He is building a home for himself and his children, with all the permanence of ownership but without the hazards of commercial debt. Under this plan land speculation is automatically ruled out.

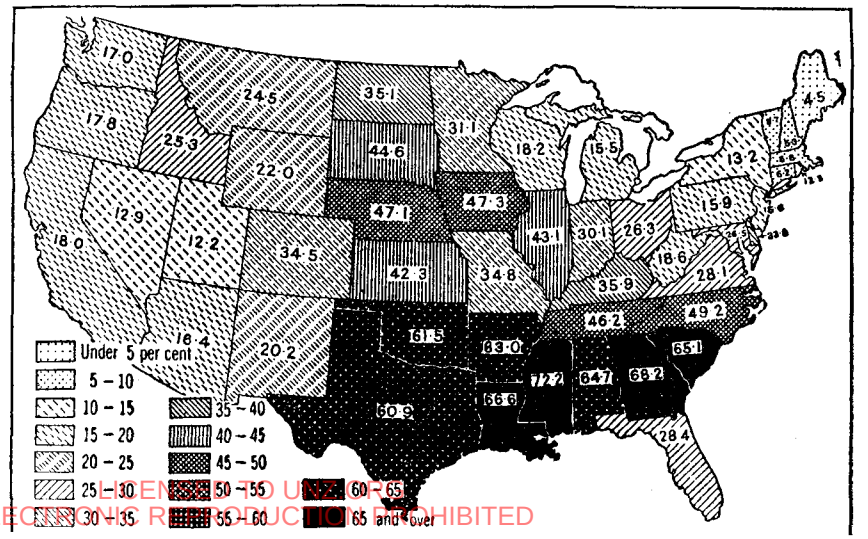
The Voice of Reaction.—Much of the argument against the establishment of these associations consists of proclaiming the divine right of private land ownership and its accompanying profit in making sales of supplies to individual tenants on credit at exorbitant interest. Careful, conservative students like Clarence Poe and S. H. Hobbs, Jr., cite surveys showing that interest charges on farming supplies in the South seldom fall below 20 percent and often exceed 40 percent. And even at these rates the lenders do not grow rich.

It is foolish to sentimentalize over the joys of land ownership when we know that before the depression few farmers in the South owned their lands in fee simple. In Mississippi, for example, even in 1929 only thirteen farmers out of a hundred owned their land free of mortgage or landlord! All the

TENANT FARMERS, 1930

By 1930 every state from South Carolina west to Texas had more than 60 percent of tenancy. Moreover, much of the land still owned by farmers was heavily mortgaged to local banks and Eastern insurance companies, which were the real landlords. In Mississippi only 13 percent of the farmers owned their land free of debt.

Tenancy was also becoming a serious problem in the wheat belt, although there the tenant-landlord relationship was of a different type.



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other cotton states showed comparable situations.

Again, it is folly to decry the projected associations as pipe dreams. The homestead project now under way in the Piedmont district of Georgia is perhaps the best example of the present plan for Southern farming associations, though it is slightly different from what we have outlined:

> Over 80,000 acres of high-quality plantation land have already been obtained on option, of which the best will be used to settle about 500 families in the largest project thus far authorized. Homesteads will be from twenty to thirty acres each. Land ill adapted for farming will be used for public and private forest and recreation districts. The whole program is being carried out as a project of research, teaching and extension under the University System of Georgia, comprising seventeen organizations, including three Negro institutions and two agricultural-experiment stations. There will be an extensive program of adult education under University auspices. This is part of a larger state and federal program for planned land use, which the University has been working on for several years. Its object is to rescue eroded lands as well as stranded families. (Monthly Labor Review, February, 1934.)

Conclusion.—The presence of thousands of dispossessed tenants on Southern relief rolls gives the present Democratic administration a choice between following two courses. It will meet considerable opposition whichever it chooses. It can attempt to settle dispossessed tenants on privately owned land through a widespread system of squatter-subsistence held above the starvation level by intermittent and seasonal public relief. Along with this would go steps, difficult of enforcement, to prevent landlords from dismissing other tenants or depriving them of their share of benefit payments.

On the other hand, the administration can take this emergency as the chance to drive a large wedge into an old, anti-social, poverty-stricken economic system. Through farming associations, similar to but better protected than the homestead projects now under way, the administration could make thousands of actual and potential relief recipients self-supporting and self-respecting.

Those groups that object to any kind of reform short of immediate transformation of the social system—hoping, instead, that sooner or later tenants will revolt—overlook the fact that totally submerged and isolated people have rarely revolted. Ill and illiterate people rarely demand their human rights because they know no human rights. Only when Southern tenants become organized and begin to hope will they demand their human and civil rights.

J. M. AND E. W. S. MACLACHLAN.

Stevedores on Strike

THE LONGSHOREMEN'S strike on the Pacific Coast is not a rash, sudden or carelessly called walkout. It is one of the best united-front strikes in the history of the American labor movement.

In San Francisco the trouble has been brewing for months and, in a sense, goes back to the strikes of 1919 and 1921. After they were smashed, the International Longshoremen's Association was driven out of San Francisco. It was succeeded by a company union, known locally as the "Blue Book." There were other Pacific ports in which the I.L.A. still survived, but in San Francisco only the holder of a Blue Book ticket could get a job as stevedore. In July, 1933, with the N.I.R.A., the International came back to San Francisco and the men flocked to join it. But despite the clear provisions of the Recovery Act, the stevedores still had to continue carrying their Blue Books or they got no jobs.

What is most difficult to understand—from a liberal point of view—is the short-sightedness of the great capitalists of the West. They kept the men in conditions that led them to abandon every belief in any square deal to be got from the shipping firms. No concessions were granted, even in regard to abuses as stupid as the fetid drinking water in Imperial Valley. So the very American little pimples of discontent, have broken out in a rash of resentment against all dealings with their employers—a rash that seems at the moment as if it will be hard to cure.

The I.L.A.'s statement about what the Blue Book amounted to is a picture of the background of the strike. This Blue Book Union had no rules for assigning jobs. Rain or shine the men came to the waterfront and waited around for hours, sometimes for days, to see if they would be hired, while other men, favorites of the bosses, worked constantly. Complaints about the speed-up received no attention. The operations of the grievance committee of the Blue Book Union amounted to a method of firing and backlisting any stevedore unwise enough to complain. The worth of this union to the men was quickly illustrated when the N.I.R.A. came into force. They joined the Longshoremen's Association, en masse and overnight, and asked the companies to deal with it as their chosen representative.

For months the companies refused to negotiate with the Association. At last, on March 5 of this year, a strike was called. The men asked for $1 an hour instead of 85 cents, $1.50 overtime, recognition of the union and the closed shop. After two weeks' futile negotiations, on the eve of the strike

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off. For more than six weeks negotiations dragged on, but when no concessions were made by the arbitrators or the shippers, the strike was resumed.

It is an amazingly solid strike, ably led by its Central Strike Committee, alert and uncompromising. Thirty thousand men are out in all Pacific ports. Shipping is tied up practically 100 percent on the Pacific Coast—Portland, Tacoma, Vancouver, B.C., San Francisco, Monterey, Long Beach, San Pedro, Los Angeles. Silk is going back to the Orient, pineapples are going back to Hawaii, cargoes of steel, meat, fruit and vegetables lie in holds, warehouses or on the docks. Lumber mills in Oregon have closed. Other industries are seriously hampered. The Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco calculates the loss is about $110,000 a day.

In addition to being geographically united, the strike is united by crafts: the teamsters are refusing to haul cargo; the seamen are out. When a boat touches port, the crew walks off. The oilers', watertenders', cooks', scalers' and marine firemen's unions have declared sympathetic strikes and raised their own demands; radio operators, marine engineers, the Masters', Mates' and Pilots' Association, have struck in sympathy with the stevedores and for their own demands. And for the first time in the history of the marine industry the longshoremen have undertaken not to go back until the demands of the unions that struck with them have been met.

The shippers still refuse to speak—to anyone. The only employers' statements to date have been negligible "Red" herrings—accusing the longshoremen of being un-American and radicals and asserting this is no conflict between capital and labor—dragged across the trail by the State Chamber of Commerce.

Only on the morning Joseph Ryan, national president of the I.L.A., arrived in town did one of their statements make any sense, and that with a very fascist meaning: "We will give Ryan an opportunity to end this strike. If he fails to do anything we will move the commerce of this port."

Ryan seemed perplexed. "Say, this whole thing was misrepresented to me in the East!" he exclaimed. "Back there they told me it was a question of wages and working conditions. I haven't been here five minutes when I discover that the most important thing of all is recognition of the I.L.A." He was further puzzled (as are others) by the strange fact that in Galveston and New York the I.L.A. is recognized. "We have dealt with the same shipowners as you have here!" cried Ryan. "Why no recognition in San Francisco and Seattle?" There has been the closed shop in Tacoma for seventeen years, the employment only of union men in union hiring halls, and no trouble at all. The shipowners "have nothing to say."

This walkout is an illustration of some lessons learned from recent history. A number of arbitrated strikes turned out to be what the men termed "sell-

listed for union activity after solemn assurances by employers and arbitrators that they would not be. In innumerable ways the federal and state governments have shown themselves, to the workers' minds, not "impartial" but definitely sympathetic to the employers' side. The rank and file of American workers are learning some meanings of "arbitration," "conciliation," "mediation" not usually found in Webster's Dictionary. They have also read Washington news. They know that every shipping line has received large subsidies, running into millions of dollars, and that the workers have received very little of this "velvet." Furthermore, men on strike have learned that the communist "red herring" is a poor fish. They have heard the cry "Red" go up whenever a man stands devotedly and *democratically* by the rank and file.

District and national leaders of American Federation of Labor unions often want full power to settle with employers or mediators. Why? If they really favor the interests of the workers, and the workers alone, so the stevedores are reflecting, why are they unwilling to bring back all offers to the rank and file to pass on? In this strike there was a hard tussle to get democracy within the union: but the district leaders were finally denied full power to settle. It was resolved at a turbulent meeting that no district I.L.A. leader could decide for the men. It is perhaps significant that no district leader was elected to the Central Strike Committee. Strikers have also learned that an ounce of militant picket line is worth a ton of mediation proposals. The moment the picketing was carried on day and night, spiritedly, unyieldingly, the attitude of employers, the press and the police changed. Picketers and strike leaders were not persecuted to the same extent as they are in the agricultural strikes in this state; private armed guards did not appear on the docks as they do on the ranches. There has been some strike-breaking, but not much: the men say that 220 scabs are at work, the employers say 1,000. But of the regular longshoremen, only five have gone back to work, an amazing record of solidarity.

This may not be a class struggle, but the scab situation seems to point to something very like it. The first big bid for strike-breakers was made at the colleges, and "Navy Bill" Ingram, popular Berkeley football coach, recruited scabs the first week of the strike. Commercial-high-school boys went; they arrived at Honolulu on the "President Hoover" short-handed and seasick. A hurry call went out to beachcombers, but none would scab. Matson Line officials and the son of Herbert Fleishacker, political banking boss of California, called up fraternity brothers on the Stanford campus offering $15 to $25 a day for student strike-breakers. The Stanford campus met the menace of scabbing with some letters in The Stanford Daily on ethics, and a sub-rosa but spirited campaign among the students to "play the game." Those who went came

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ences. Between forty and eighty University of California men are said to be working, and buses are bringing Southern California students up, now that vacation has started.

All the scabs are housed on floating "ship-hotels" but they are not happy: the work is hard, food and conditions bad. A doctor of the Board of Health reported there was not enough ventilation. Women complain that their husbands, sons and sweethearts are being "kept on the boats against their will." At first the pickets let them off when they wanted to get off, and some even left and joined the Union. Now the pickets will no longer let them through their lines; and it is said a strike is brewing among the strike-breakers. "Their morale is very low," said a striker in the I.L.A. hall.

As in many strikes, suspicion of the integrity of employers and arbitrators is fostered by the continued efforts of employers to break the strike, to break the unity of the waterfront even while negotiations are going on. As in other strikes—it seems as if there is a classic mold for them—the numbers of strike-breakers at work are exaggerated by employers, the Red scare is approached from some angle every day, rumors are circulated by police (who are used to getting confessions from criminals by that method), paid stool-pigeons are busily at work, and the more courageous strike leaders are arrested on such charges as vagrancy, kidnaping, robbery, assault and battery, and held on bail as high as $1,000 (which it is fairly obvious no longshoreman can afford). Several hundred are in jail. One man, found with seven cents in his pocket, was arrested for robbery. The men have objected particularly to what they call the "phoney" charge of kidnaping, feeling that it is used for its present publicity value.

There is a mass meeting of strikers every day to report the news and keep up strike morale. Money and food are flowing in. Early in the strike one metropolitan daily had editorials unfriendly to the men and carried large scab-herding advertisements. A request was made that strikers cancel their subscriptions, and thousands did so. The scab-herding advertisements dropped out and the paper changed its tone. Thereafter it printed full statements of the strikers' side. A consumers' strike!

Since this article was started, the employers have spoken. They state they are ready to bargain collectively with representatives of the I.L.A. and will recognize that union, but they will never accede to the demand for a closed shop and control of hiring halls by the Union. Under those conditions "recognition of the Union" means very little. In spite of all this the men have retained their solidarity; though now that Ryan, the national president, is in San Francisco, fear is creeping through the ranks that he will accept some such half-a-loaf settlement as the companies have offered and then energetically label it a victory. Such a "sell-out" victory would be a real defeat. Sentiment for a real victory is solid. The halfway proposal of the shipping companies was unanimously rejected by a mass vote at San Francisco. The same firm resolve for full success undoubtedly exists in other ports.

To sum up, this strike seems to be a showdown between two cultures. Is labor a commodity or is it a mass of working human beings who have rights? To call the latter idea communism and thus dispose of it is no longer a sufficient answer—not even to the "conservative" rank-and-file members of a "legitimate" American labor union.

ELLA WINTER.

San Francisco, Calif.

Shanghai Episode

SHANGHAI, citadel of Far Eastern colonial reaction, is often likened by the foreigners who rule it to a pearl gleaming in a setting of corruption and filth. Here is a city of three million souls, all but thirty-six thousand of whom are Chinese, administered by three groups of powers: the Chinese Kuomintang, the French and the British. The foreigners have legal jurisdiction over more than three-fourths of the population.

A Chinese named Li Chie-chen has written a short account of his adventures in Shanghai. The story is worth repeating because it casts a curious light on the relation among Chinese officialdom, the Chinese underworld and the representatives of foreign Powers.

While he was on his way to Jehol to fight in the ranks of the volunteers against the Japanese, Kuo-[illegible] proached Peking. On account of his patriotic zeal they suspected him of being a Communist. Li Chie-chen was an intellectual as well as a patriot, and since many captured intellectuals waver under promises of power or money, Li was not immediately tortured to make him confess. Torture was to be a later stage.

On May 4, 1933, he was brought from Peking by train to Nanking and then to Shanghai, his home. At the North Station he was met by a motor car bearing the license number 4223. In this car sat two men, one named Ma Chao-wu. Motor car No. 4223 drove through the city to a little dump of a hotel called East Hun-chi. There, in a room on the second floor, Li was imprisoned, and twenty men took turns guarding him.

As the days passed, Li learned that he was in the

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world of professional kidnapers, murderers, opium traffickers. One of the men who guarded Li's room, a gangster nicknamed "O-moh," or "High Nose," boasted that he kidnaped suspected Communists in the public streets of the foreign settlements. "High Nose" had formerly been a professional criminal in a Shanghai prison, but the mysterious Ma Chao-wu, who traveled about in motor car No. 4223, had procured his release and taken him into his service. In time Li learned that Ma Chao-wu was a high official of the Chinese-administered section of Shanghai—he was an inspector in the Chinese Bureau of Public Safety, the official Chinese police bureau. These underworld gentlemen spent their time kidnaping men and women from foreign territory, taking them to the little hotel dump and beating them until they confessed their "guilt" or the names of their friends. Then they were turned over to the Bureau of Public Safety and disappeared from the face of the earth.

Inspector Ma ordered the prisoner Li to give the names and addresses of his friends engaged in anti-imperialist activities. Li first refused, then decided to play for time, hoping to escape. He wrote a postal card to a fictitious name and a fictitious address, asking his alleged comrade to meet him on May 9 or 10 at the Great China Hotel, on Chekiang Road, in the International Settlement. On May 9, Li was taken in motor car No. 4223 to this hotel, and given a room. The adjoining room was used as headquarters for the gangsters guarding Li and waiting for the new victim.

To understand the significance of this and what followed, it must be borne in mind that the International Settlement, although dominated by the British police, is ruled by an international group organized into the Shanghai Municipal Council. The Americans are strongly represented and carry out the same policy as the British, the Japanese and the minor nationalities. These foreigners jealously guard their rights of jurisdiction in the International Settlement when it comes to certain kinds of prisoners. Their laws are most specific: if the Chinese authorities wish a man arrested and extradited to them for a crime, they must formally apply to the Settlement authorities, who arrest the prisoner and bring him to trial in the Settlement. The prisoner cannot be extradited to the Chinese authorities unless the latter show *prima facie* evidence that the prisoner has committed a crime in Chinese territory, and that he resides in Chinese territory. This law of the Settlement is rigidly adhered to by the foreigners when it comes to prisoners accused of murder, opium traffic, stealing, slave dealing or kidnaping. But men and women accused of any form of revolutionary activity, whether of a critical liberal nature or of communism, are *not* protected. Li was accused of communism. So Inspector Ma, with a gang of thugs from the underworld, calmly drove into the International Settlement and lay in wait in a hotel for a new victim.

In the two nights he was in the Great China Hotel, Li tried to escape. He failed. The last time he appealed to a hotel servant to help him, but the servant, terrified of gangsters, called the police. Seven policemen from the International Settlement came to the hotel. After talking with the gangsters they said to Li: "You are a Communist," and left, leaving him in the hands of the gang.

After two days, Li was returned to the little East Hun-chi Hotel, where he continued to play for time. Here he was witness of the daily beatings of men and women kidnaped from the streets of the foreign concessions. Each day the victims were brought, sometimes two, sometimes four, sometimes more. Against many there was not even a shred of proof; they were simply picked up on the streets because of their looks, because they "walked rapidly as if afraid," as the Chinese press has at times reported, or because some spy sought a reward for the number of victims to his credit.

On May 14, Inspector Ma said in Li's hearing: "We have discovered that Ting Ling lives on the fourth floor of No. 7 Quinsan Road. This afternoon Pan Chu-nien and Ting Chiu will call on her." Believing that Li, the intellectual, would know these three persons, and could be forced to identify them, they decided to take him along.

Ting Ling, a young woman of twenty-six, was the most noted woman writer of China. Her first story, published in 1927, won her immediate recognition. Since that time she had written short novels, the first, like so much of modern Chinese fiction, dealing with the theme of love and revolution, the second describing the mass movements in Shanghai in 1930. She was also widely known for her short stories, and for two years before had been editor of The Great Dipper, a radical literary magazine. Pan Chu-nien and Ting Chiu were less prominent radical writers.

Motor car No. 4223 drew up at the East Hun-chi Hotel. Within a few minutes Li and six of the gangsters, including Inspector Ma, halted at No. 7 Quinsan Road, Ting Ling's home, in the heart of the International Settlement. The inspector, with his revolver drawn, banged on the door. Ting Ling opened it. Her face blanched, but she remained silent. Inspector Ma sprang on a man in the room, the writer Pan, searching him and calling him every filthy name. Pan remained silent, ironically smiling. Then Inspector Ma and two others forced Ting Ling and Pan into motor car No. 4223, and drove away.

Three gangsters and Li remained behind. One of them, Li afterwards learned, was Chong Kwang-yin, also an inspector in the Chinese police. The other two began tearing up everything in the room. They ripped open the mattress and the pillow, emptied the closet with its few strips of clothing. They found nothing whatever except a few well known legal magazines and books. Inspector Chong cursed: "Anyway, they're Communists. Their writing is sympathetic to communism."

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There came a knock at the door, and in walked a tall, thin, scholarly Chinese—the writer Ting Chiu. Taking in the situation, Ting began to fight and Li also turned upon his guard. Li heard a cry from Ting, who was fighting with his back to an open window. Glancing up, he saw that Ting was no longer there. The gangsters were standing alone before the window, looking downward. Two gangsters dashed from the room toward the alleyway where they had thrown Ting's body. Li got hold of a chair and stunned the remaining gangster with a blow. Then he dashed down the stairs, out into the open street and escaped.

The only news of this that appeared in the big Shanghai press, both foreign and Chinese, the next morning, was that "an unidentified Chinese was found dead in an alleyway on Quinsan Road."

Li wrote the story of his experience and sent it to two American newspapers in Shanghai—The Shanghai Evening Post and The China Forum. In revenge, the Kuomintang gangsters swooped down upon Li's home and kidnaped his brothers and sisters and his sixty-year-old mother. They disappeared from the face of Shanghai. But they did not get Li, for he had fled to Jehol to fight in the ranks of the volunteers against the Japanese.

There is a sequel. With the publication of Li's story, the news came out of the kidnaping of the girl writer, Ting Ling, whose name is known throughout China, and of Pan Chu-nien—kidnaped from foreign territory by gangsters working with the tacit agreement of the foreign police. Li's own story of the manner in which the foreign police had refused to rescue him from these kidnapers when he was imprisoned in the Great China Hotel further exposed the International Settlement police. Of course the police published a denial. They had never heard of such a man as Li! The Chinese police in their turn denied that they had ever heard of Ting Ling or Pan Chu-nien! But a couple of days later Pan Chu-nien was seen, an emaciated wreck of a man, being taken to Nanking, where he disappeared through the door of the Gendarmerie Headquarters. Ting Ling also disappeared, and it was not known whether she was dead or alive. Gangster gossip let out the news that the police were trying to force her to issue a statement in support of the Kuomintang. "To force her" means torture in China.

But this is not all. There is an end to this story that sounds like the fifth act to a drama. Within gangster-detective ranks, a fight went on between Ma Chao-wu and Chong Kwang-yin, because Li had been permitted to escape and his escape had caused a scandal. It seems that Inspector Ma got the upper hand in this inter-gang quarrel, because he kept riding around in motor car No. 4223. That is, until the night of June 15, when he stepped out of motor car No. 4223 right before "The Sweetheart," his favorite brothel on Chekiang Road in the heart of the "Isle of Justice," the International Settlement. As he stepped out, someone filled him full of lead.

The next day the big foreign and Chinese papers made a mistake: they reported that a man, name unknown, was murdered while entering a brothel on Chekiang Road, after having stepped from a motor car bearing the Chinese license No. 4223. Newspaper scouts got busy—motor car No. 4223 was found to be the *official service car of the Shanghai Bureau of Social Affairs,* of the Municipality of Greater Shanghai—the Chinese-administered territory. The Shanghai Bureau of Social Affairs is most intimately linked with the Bureau of Public Safety—in fact they are branches of one organization. The Social Affairs Bureau forces all social organizations, especially Kuomintang labor unions and other mass organizations, to register with it for "guidance." It is the headquarters in Shanghai for the Chinese Fascists.

Thus the publication of Li's story and the killing of Inspector Ma laid the whole tangled network bare. But, more important, the episode revealed the active collaboration of the Kuomintang and the police of the International Settlement in the killing of radicals. In recent months news has leaked out that both Ting Ling and Pan Chu-nien have been secretly murdered. As in the case of thousands of revolutionists before them, the responsibility for their deaths must be placed at the doors of the British, American, French and Japanese governments whose agents rule Shanghai.

AGNES SMEDLEY.

Slow Days

THE CLERK knew how it was with us, the clerk in the grocery store across the street. He jabbed kind fingers in our favor against the adding-machine keys. An extra can of beans, a dozen eggs. Thrown in, you see. Retaining pride, conveying gratitude, we thanked the clerk, now wordlessly, now laughingly. Across the counter friendship is a game, a show, and parts are acted cautiously and cleverly, yet perceivingly.

He never did come clear to us, the Georgia clerk, we never thought of the three of us as three young men. We never thought of him as a fellow who might be interested in a game of cards, who might know some girls interested in strolling in the park with fellows temporarily on the rocks. Nice fellows, interesting and adventuresome, knowing all there is to know about living. Tappity, tap, tap—tap, tap. We never thought of him as he must have been outside the grocery store, a small-town youngster and alone. He'd had a tough time of it before he found this job. He smiled. We liked the clerk, his smile, his deferential air, his groceries, free groceries.

Unhurriedness and waiting hung over Tampa. All day long and every day our room crouched against the thin roof, baked by the brassy

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and evenings were room-crowded with sweltering heat. We closed our door and cooked in our room, defying Redhead's rules, using too much gas too much electricity, too much water. Redhead suspected us. Each evening our emptied pockets deposited a small, shifting pile of clinking coins on the water-soaked kitchen table. Carefully we counted them. One dollar seventeen. Three-forty for the week. Made it again. Knowing relief, we rolled two cigarettes, gutting day-old stubs for their tobacco. Too many times our Redhead caught us sitting there, hiding a plate of rice beneath a newspaper, holding a loaf of bread beneath the table. Her raps we knew, and the sharper raps of sullen inquiry. We knew her own brand of approach, her darting, scouring eyes. Let us delay the rent one hour, and up the stairs she would come, coldly polite or fuming with wrath.

"This is Thursday," she would say. "Thought maybe you'd forgot."

"Be right down," we'd say. "Just got in from work."

But some weeks we'd wait until Friday. Then her voice would grow querulous and harsh. The developing imminence of our departure was perceptible. Dreading the week when we'd have to put her off until Saturday, waiting for the season to begin, we watched our Redhead worry and sulk, brittle and sugar-sweet by turns, never knowing for sure just how broke we were. We payed her with bills, trading our small change with the clerk across the street. Some days, not Thursdays, she would rap on our door.

"Thought I smelled gas."

Or she would think she heard the water running in the tub. And usually she was right. We poured sweat, and used the tub three times a day.

We knew that in a month or so the town would be at its best, but, as the weeks wore on and cash continued hard to come by, our visits to the store across the street increased in importance. The grocery store was almost all there was. Pushing through the clicking turnstile, loafing down the food-crowded aisles, we knew the selfishness of give and take, mildly resenting a sense of patronage developing within ourselves. The store—museum of our fond delights—was clean and cool and new; white-enameled meat counters, varnished can-stacked shelves, mirrors and fixtures and bright-colored displays. The short-aisled and winding labyrinth inevitably led us to the Georgia clerk. Our friend ignored suspicious bulges, suggestive of our casual thefts.

"They might catch on," one of us would say.

"The guys he works for don't mean nothing to him. This stuff's not his."

"Forget it. We can't afford to be so damn particular."

The clerk knew who we were and how we worked and lived. He judged our profits by our purchases, knew when our rent day drew near, knew that our life in Tampa centered on his grocery store, knew about our room and our Redhead. Our days and thoughts and fears revolved, reversed, yet always were drawn to these points of attraction. Our room contained a table, a bed, a small gas stove, a sink. Cooking our own meals, stealthily, made food appear the all-important, almost forbidden thing. Food wrapped our thoughts and stifled them with thoughts of food alone, clogged our minds. We were hungry whether or not we ate. Our days were sluggish and dull, bloated and irritable. We knew what was happening to us, all right, but there was nothing we could do about it. When anything or something is all there is, that's all there is to it.

Three dollars was too much to pay for a place to sleep. Three dollars was a lot of money. We made up for it the best we could. Daily we slipped our sack of groceries into the house, hurrying across the porch, sneaking up the stairway. Yet Redhead finally caught us, met us in the hall, the sacks a dead give-away.

"Just a little something for breakfast," Mac said.

Thus with Redhead eyeing us and warning us, the days, made manifest by futile knocks and search and words, swathed in a glistering spread of heat, streaming sweat, moved up and down the streets, swung back to the rooming house and grocery store. The weeks wheeled on, dragging through dead-calm days of simmering monotony. Then one day our Georgia friend was gone, not working in the store. Another clerk's crisp words and tone veiled most of what he wanted to say to us.

"You better buy your stuff in some other store," he said. "I heard the manager is looking for you two guys."

This clerk was frightened, sore about something. A sense of withheld anger followed us on out the doorway, forced us at the same time to hurry and drag our steps. That's all there was to that, we washed our hands of the affair. But that week, edged with worry, our nerves raw with hopelessness, was the worst one of them all. We didn't know the Georgia clerk's name. He was a uniformed and smiling instrument of luck. No use hunting for luck when luck is in hiding. Our luck was born in Georgia. We thought probably he'd returned. The Georgia kid was never one with us. Maybe it was shame that kept the two of us from talking about him, accepting him. Mac and I had lived together so long that we thought together, knew by intuition what was up and what was next to do.

Giving up was on our minds, unthought, unsaid, a hidden pressure. We knew we hadn't done the Georgia kid any good, and both of us suspected that he had given up, gone back to Georgia. That week we paid our rent on Saturday, telling our Redhead that the season was almost ready for us, that our business would pick up soon. We knew that we would find something to sell to someone. Next week was worse, the two of us had less to say than ever. Our existence margin had fled with the Georgia clerk.

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Yet thank the gods, accept their gifts, he had not left us. He had remained in Tampa. We found him behind the counter in a lunchroom on Lafayette, and through the window waved to him, and called. Our long-lost friend, our pal, our savior. Then we talked to him, lunched with him, drank coffee with him. He was smiling. Mac and I were smiling. Tampa was an attractive town. We lost the sense of being strangers in the place we had long accepted as our home.

"How's things?" our waiter asked.

We clung to him so eagerly, just as he held so facilely to what we had come to realize was essential. We had our trinity: the two of us, the Georgia kid, and grub. Words of apology were difficult to say, he did not seem to understand. We wanted to do something for him because we disliked receiving help without giving in return. Our friend, our waiter now, was glad to hear that our business was getting better, that the season was on hand. He said he wasn't satisfied with the change in jobs he had made, but he admitted that he was lucky to have found anything at all.

"Guess ah been livin' right," he said.

But we thought his Cracker accent might have had something to do with it.

That week was best of all, and Mac and I began to feel that we could renew acquaintance with the lost days of glory, the brief years of the happy past, the boom. We took for granted all gifts and all opportunities: two pre-punched pads of restaurant checks. We would enter the lunchroom during a rush hour and sit at the rear counter. There we would eat whatever we wanted to eat, the Georgia kid serving us, and never a word out of him all the time, pretending he didn't know us at all. Mac and I would crack wise and keep an eye on the cashier and the manager. Then we would stroll on out of the place, paying our dime with a prosperous gesture. The world was better. The parched, metallic glare was gone. Life was not so difficult, our days were no longer nervous days.

Winter was coming on, comfortable weather, cars with foreign license plates. Nothing could hurt us any more. We liked the state, the town, even door-knocking wasn't so bad. If we could only find a gadget that would sell. Our world was safe, secure, and then our prop was gone. The Georgia kid had disappeared. A dirty trick. That day the cashier caught us at the door.

"You'd better dust," she said. "The boss tied the can to your buddy." She couldn't tell us where he'd gone. "Left town, he sure left town. He said he had to leave, that you two guys put the Indian sign on him."

There was no use thinking any more about the Georgia kid, or the season. Our friend was gone, the season never arrived. The two of us gave up, called it quits. We hung around for three more days, neither of us having much to say, hoping something would break for us, praying something would [illegible] there the season was on, all right, that winter was not so many miles away. Finally we had to head toward it. At four o'clock in the morning we slipped away from the rooming house on Boulevard, rode a street car out to the highway. Then we headed North, toward our home town, a cold town and the deadest town in all the world.

WARREN C. HUDDLESTONE.

Washington Notes

Stock Exchange Straitjacket—A New "Focal Point" for Recovery—"One-Percent Understanding"—Hopkins for Housing

THE REACTION to the final enactment of the Stock Exchange Bill vividly lights up the character of the opposition. For weeks before the bill took final shape, the anguished cries of the brokers and bankers echoed through the land, and their persons jammed Washington lobbies, corridors and committee rooms. One would have been justified in thinking that the passage of this bill meant stark ruin for them all, that the stock exchanges would close and every broker be thrown into the bread line. Now that the fight is over, there are plenty of brokers and bankers to be found who think that the law itself will not be so bad if "wisely administered." There are even some who assert that they believe the result will be healthful and that the amendments made in conference committee have largely taken care of the things to which Wall Street objected.

The fact, of course, is that the amendments did nothing of the kind.[1] The changes were all made under the advice and direction of the Messrs. Landis, Cohen and Corcoran, who, among them, framed the original bill and are almost entirely responsible for its final form. The conference committee did nothing to denature or devitalize the bill. On the contrary, it tightened it up. The one important change placed the administration of the law with a special commission instead of with the Federal Trade Commission, and this was done because the President wobbled first to one side, then to the other and then back again. Beyond any question he did lead Senator Glass to believe he saw eye to eye with him for the special commission. When, after conference with Mr. Landis, he made a public statement favoring the Trade Commission, Glass and most of the Senators—who had voted for the special commission under the impression the President was for it—were distinctly displeased. The withdrawal of the President ironed out the difficulty, but at the expense of considerable justified criticism of his course.

Actually, the point is not a vital one and by no means touched the real objections of the financial interests to the bill. If the Federal Trade Commission had been charged with the duty of administering the law, it would have meant Mr. Landis. There is nothing whatever to prevent Mr. Roosevelt from naming Mr. Landis as the head of the special commission, and this he is expected to do. In the

[1] A different view of the amendments to the Stock Exchange Bill

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meantime, the Stock Exchange authorities are preparing to adjust themselves to the new law, have abandoned any idea of contesting it in the courts and are "hoping for the best" under a "wise administration."

Interest suddenly centered here this week on the new housing plan announced by the administration. It is enthusiastically described as "the focal point of the recovery effort from now on," and some local factions regard it as the most far-reaching effort yet launched by the administration. The new scheme is far too vast and complicated to report in detail here. Fundamentally, the idea is to revive the construction business, which has languished—and still does—more than any other, and provide reëmployment for those formerly engaged in the "heavy-goods industries." It involves, it is said, expenses of between three and five billion dollars; is designed to "raise the standard of human habitation" by providing funds for the renovating, repairing, rebuilding and acquisition of homes. One phase includes the insuring of building and loan associations, but there is so much more to it that no really comprehensive explanation has yet been advanced.

The plan, which is said to have originated with Mr. Winfield Riefler, chief of the Central Statistics Bureau, undoubtedly holds out hope, but it also involves such tremendous questions as the regulation of the cost of both material and labor, and the management of an intricate financial set-up. The real idea back of it is that something has to be done to lessen the federal relief burden, which has been steadily increasing during the year and is a more serious threat to the budget than anything else. If the construction business can again get on its feet, the resulting stimulation of heavy-goods industries all along the line would enormously promote employment and recovery. The administration is now convinced that more hope lies in this idea than in any other. Accordingly, the President has sent word to Congress that the housing plan must be passed at this session and has already designated Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, as the new Federal Housing Commissioner. I am told that as soon as the bill is enacted a great educational campaign is to be launched to inform individuals everywhere how to avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the government. This, it seems to me, is necessary, since I have been able to find no one who has any save the haziest idea of the actual operation or even extent of the proposal. In all probability it will be passed by Congress, under White House pressure, without even the customary one-percent understanding. This is not to say that the plan is not wholly meritorious, but merely that no one seems to know whether it is or not. The outcome will largely depend upon the efficiency with which the provisions of the bill are carried out. In selecting Mr. Hopkins, the President has picked a man who, however lacking in experience, can be depended upon to work hard and intelligently, which is a whole lot.

Of course, another new and elaborate organization will have to be set up, and the hope is expressed that it will not be permitted to be turned into a political circus the way the Home Owners' Loan Corporation has been. If that happens, I am sure it will not be the fault of Mr. Hopkins. He may have, and doubtless has, his faults, but partisanship and subservience to politicians whether within or without Congress are not among them. The various Governors and mayors who have been dealing with him for nearly a year now in federal relief matters can give abundant testimony to that. Also, I recall with considerable pleasure his unprecedented indictment of the civil-works projects as saturated with politics, waste and graft. The saturation was made inevitable by the nature of the scheme and the speed with which it was launched, but the indictment by the man at the head was unique and very much to his credit.

At any rate the President has let it be known that the housing plan is to be pushed harder now than anything else. The emphasis is to be laid on it rather than on N.R.A., A.A.A., P.W.A., silver, tariff revision, bargains or treaties. Looking over the situation on each of the above, this seems wise, and I only hope Mr. Roosevelt will not be diverted from his new drive by some even newer and more colorful idea presented after this one gets under way. The ease with which he is diverted has always seemed one of his real troubles, and the more activities he tries to handle the less chance he has to concentrate upon those that are sound, or to keep them within sound limits. As I write, the full housing bill has not yet been revealed and there seems barely time to get it through before adjournment, the date of which, it is now agreed, will not be later than June 15, and may be June 9.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Variable Margins—Trading on the Same Old Boards—It's Up to the New Commission—What, No McKinley?

AFTER much backing and filling the Stock Exchange Control Bill as agreed on by both houses of Congress has now found its way to a final vote. Before this is printed it will probably have been enacted into law. As the bill stands, it differs from the original bill introduced February 9 in some very important particulars. First of all, the original bill proposed several devices to cut down drastically the amount of pure security speculation or gambling.

It limited margins to 55 percent. It prohibited brokers from trading for their own accounts. It put floor traders off the floor and limited specialists to acting purely as brokers. It outlawed a series of devices by which manipulation can be carried on. It required extensive information from corporations listed on the exchanges. Beyond this it put the administration of the law in the hands of the Federal Trade Commission, which, as now constituted, could be trusted to administer the law in the interest of the public.

In its final form the bill reduces margins to 45 percent, and then cuts them further by permitting loans up to 100 percent of the lowest price at which an issue has sold within the preceding three years. And even this is pretty much canceled by putting the administration of the margins section in the hands of the Federal Reserve Board, with power to make the margins anything it wishes. This is a disastrous defeat for the advocates of real regulation.

The original attempt to segregate the functions of brokers, floor traders and specialists has been

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and power to deal with that subject is lodged with the commission. This is also a signal defeat.

The latest bill retains many of the provisions designed to reduce manipulation of stocks, but they are somewhat softened, and the whole bill is enormously weakened by the removal of other provisions such as the presence of the specialists and floor traders and the right of brokers to trade for their own accounts, to say nothing of the weakening of the credit sections of the bill.

As is well known, the provisions affecting corporations listed on the Exchange have been greatly diluted and subjected to the same weakening that affects other sections of the bill: the fact that jurisdiction over the whole enforcement has been taken from the Federal Trade Commission and entrusted to a commission of five members to be appointed by the President.

What the effect of the new law will be on Wall Street remains to be seen. For many weeks prices on the New York Stock Exchange have been sagging, and trading has been declining in volume at an extraordinary rate. This has been chiefly caused by the generally unfavorable outlook for business and also to a certain degree by uncertainty about the fate of the Street itself under the bill. But there is nothing in this bill as it now stands to interfere to any extent with existing margins. First of all, existing margins are not disturbed and will not be for three years more. Second, under the clause permitting loans as high as 100 percent of the lowest price since last July 1, a good deal of trading at very low margins can be carried on if anyone wants to speculate.

What Wall Street is now genuinely concerned about is what it calls "sponsorship." Will brokers, floor traders, specialists, market operators, promoters, be permitted under the new regime to "sponsor" stocks? That is, will they be permitted to peg the prices and to push them up a little by active trading? The answer to that question will not come until the commission has been appointed and the members promulgate the rules about speculation and floor traders.

On the surface something was salvaged from the original bill. But whether even that can be held will depend entirely on the commission named. A good commission, a commission of men who know something of the economics of the market but who have no connection with it and who have the courage to act and are not awed by the fact that even the President suffers from timidity in this field, such a commission can do much to make this a fairly good bill, though the Federal Reserve Board's power over margins is a fatal defect. But a weak commission will turn out to be the final victory for the Exchange. Further comment on the bill, therefore, can be reserved for the naming of the commission, which must come soon.

Apologists for this bill will tell us that it is the best that could be obtained from Congress. I do not think that is true. I believe that Congress was ready and willing to pass a more drastic bill. It was the leaders in Congress and the administration who were not willing to go further.

A good many remedies for our sad state have been brought forward in recent years. But the following suggestion, to be kept secret. The suggestion comes from Mr. Ogden Mills. He recently told the Republican Builders in this city that what the country needs now is another President like William McKinley.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

Storm Warnings—Through Despair to Disillusion—Doubt on the Wagner Bill—A Canny Code for Canners

IT IS no secret that the current labor crisis has the administration genuinely worried, and with good reason. For clearly the conflict between capital and labor is becoming more unmanageable each day and threatens almost momentarily to break out in frank industrial warfare. To be sure, the administration can exert great pressure to preserve peace. And it may succeed—temporarily at least—as it has in Toledo and in the threatened strike of 300,000 textile workers. But the thing that is really troublesome is labor's growing desire to resort to mass action, made evident in Toledo, in the united front of longshoremen and seamen on the Pacific Coast and in the ultimatum of the steel workers. This reflects a militancy and solidarity not equaled since the War.

The sentiment behind the threatened mass action is not one that will disappear overnight. The workers are thoroughly disillusioned, as the declaration made last week by the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers clearly shows: "We have petitioned and waited for justice under the Recovery Act for eleven months," it said, "and we have gained nothing, whether we appealed to the N.R.A. Administrator of the Steel Code, to the National Labor Board or the White House itself. Is the American Iron and Steel Institute more powerful than the President of the United States?" This statement, it is worth observing, did not come from Michael Tighe, head of the union, but from a "rank and file committee." The latter, a special strike committee, was elected to lead the strike at the union's annual convention in Pittsburgh a few weeks ago, when it developed that Tighe and other conservative officials were opposed to militant action.

The rank and file, it appears, are more determined customers to deal with than the old line of A.F. of L. officials. They will have none of President Roosevelt's election proposal, because elections are "just so much bunk—there is no guarantee of the right of collective bargaining or union recognition if the election is held." At Weirton, they point out, the government has been unable to force an election, while at the Birmingham plant of the Republic Steel Corporation an election supervised by the National Labor Board has proved a farce. The workers voted 282 to 8 for A.F. of L. representation, but the company has refused to deal with them. Instead, it has fired twenty-one men for voting.

What the Amalgamated wants is a conference with the directors of the American Iron and Steel Institute for the purpose of discussing its program: a thirty-hour week; a dollar-an-hour minimum wage, and a democratic means for dealing with employees' grievances. Opposed to this, we

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by Mr. Tom Girdler, chairman of the Republic Steel, that he would close his plant and start raising "apples and potatoes" before dealing with the A.F. of L. If President Roosevelt can compose these differences he will truly be a conciliator extraordinary and he will, in doing so, give substance to the optimistic statement of the Senate committee in reporting out the Wagner Bill (the National Industrial Adjustment Act, as it has been rechristened). The labor policy of the government, the committee said, "is founded upon the theory of democratic collective bargaining, not upon the theory of class war, a conception foreign to industrial conditions in this country."

The issues in the steel dispute have a direct bearing on the revised Wagner Bill and its possible effectiveness in promoting industrial peace. The bill has been so drastically changed that, on a number of vital points, it is now virtually an anti-labor measure. In addition to the very real possibility that it may be used to outlaw strikes altogether—a possibility The New Republic discussed editorially last week—several other significant revisions should be noted. Most important is the complete omission of a section in the original bill that made it an unfair labor practice for an employer "to refuse to recognize and to deal with representatives of his employees, or to fail to exert every reasonable effort to make and maintain agreements with such representatives." Without this provision, of what use is the rest of the bill? Why provide for the selection of employee representatives when employers are left free to ignore them completely? Elections under these circumstances would be as meaningless as they are in the steel industry today. The measure is inadequate also in that it fails to establish majority rule and does not provide for direct appeal by workers to the National Industrial Adjustment Board, which is to take the place of the present Labor Board. The new Board is empowered to act only at the instance of the Secretary of Labor—and so becomes subject to the exigencies of politics rather than to the needs of labor. In brief, the good features of the original bill have been emasculated, and new sections of potential danger to organized labor have been added. In some respects, the revised measure promises less to workers than the President's automobile settlement, incredible as that may sound.

The Canning Code, which President Roosevelt found time to sign on Memorial Day, has the distinction of being probably the most unsatisfactory that the N.R.A. has produced. To find undesirable labor provisions in a code is, of course, no longer news, but this one deserves comment because it is a masterpiece of deception. It provides that "no employee shall be permitted to work in excess of thirty-six hours in any week"—and then lists ten exemptions that cover every conceivable type of work. For the vast majority of employees it specifically permits a sixty-hour week. In addition, unlimited overtime and a seven-day week are permitted—provided time and a half is paid for hours in excess of ten a day. Then the code provides for a maximum and minimum rate of pay, one for cities over 400,000 and the other for cities under 400,000. What it neglects to say is that no canneries are to be found in cities of over 400,000—not even in New York. Thus the minimum rates, ranging from 22½ cents in the South to

But the code does possess one desirable feature; it requires an independent audit of all pay rolls. This will make possible a strict check on what the workers actually receive—something that was never possible in the canning field before. The canning industry was forced to accept this condition because of the notoriously low wages it has paid in the past and its failure to observe even state minimum wage rates. Such an audit, of course, should be required of every industry. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Catholics and Birth Control

SIR: Since I have been a reader, your magazine has published a considerable number of articles on the subject of birth control. It has published nothing about the Catholic method called "the rhythm." I am rather curious to know how it happened that the Church came to give its approbation to this particular method, and to hear some discussion of the significance of the step.

St. Louis, Mo. H. S. HARTZOG.

SIR: The Catholic opponents of birth control are evidently unaware of the dissatisfaction among the intelligent men and women of their own faith regarding the attitude their Church has taken on birth control. To satisfy this element there was recently published a book called "Rhythm," loudly praised by Catholic prelates and press, which explains in detail, and to the hour, when conception *cannot* take place. Most of us have long ago discarded the safe-period theory as a method available for general application. This book, however, was written by a physician and is published with "Ecclesiastical Approbation," which means that it has the approval of the Roman Catholic Church.

Our opponents are evidently unaware of the contents of this book, for every argument they have ever used against contraception is supported in the book on behalf of the safe-period method. All the ballyhoo of "race suicide," "the race dying out," "immorality," is answered by the author with fearless intelligence and in a spirit that one respects.

On the general principles of limiting or controlling the size of the family—on the needs, rights and morality of the practice, we seem to be in perfect agreement. *On methods we entirely disagree.* The Catholic opponents advocate a safe period. The non-Catholic proponents desire to place all responsibility concerning methods in the hands of the medical profession.

The federal laws, however, state clearly that *"any"* information to prevent conception sent through the United States Mails is illegal. The Post Office has informed us that "Rhythm," by Dr. Latz, is mailable, but that "Contraceptive Practices," by Dr. Hannah M. Stone, is unmailable.

The twenty million members of the Catholic faith now have a method of birth control legally sanctioned by the Post Office authorities and morally sanctioned by the hierarchy. But what about the one hundred and four millions of non-Catholics who prefer *other* methods of birth control or who do not think the safe period is safe?

Washington, D. C. MARGARET SANGER.

Book Workers Organize

SIR: You may know that during the past year white-collar workers have been organizing. By now a firm Office Workers' Union has been established, representing many divisions of office workers. During the past month a Book Section has been added to the Union, the membership recruited from employees in the book stores and book and magazine-publishing houses. Several decisive actions have occurred in New York publishing houses, resulting in valuable gains to the workers and establishing the Union as a force

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On May 24, a code hearing for the Book Publishing Industries was held in Washington, to which the Book Section of the Union sent a representative—the only labor representative at the hearing.

The proposed code meant a decided loss to a majority of workers, even when it is remembered that wages in publishing houses are notoriously low. Most of the speakers at the hearing were publishers who explained that no labor representative was necessary because of the happy conditions existing in the publishing trade. The Union representative threw a bombshell into the hearing by presenting the Union demands.

The meeting was adjourned for a conference between a hastily appointed labor board and our representative. At a subsequent session the following amendments were written into the code: $16 a week minimum salary (as against a proposed $15 minimum); 35-hour working week (as against 40 hours); overtime tolerance limited to 48 hours (as against 64 hours); two weeks' vacation with pay for those working tolerance period (as against no specific vacation provision); abolishment of all exemptions (the proposed code allowed for scaling down of office boys and "learners" and had many other exemptions too numerous to mention here).

On May 29, the results of the code hearing were announced at a general meeting of book-industry employees, representing more than twenty-five book stores and publishing houses. The workers present interestedly questioned those members whose firms have been involved in organizational actions. It was evident that the white-collar workers are ready to organize.

Another general meeting has been set for June 13, at 8 o'clock, at union headquarters, 114 West Fourteenth Street, New York City. At this meeting a number of well known writers, whose books are published by the firms represented, will be present to show their sympathy with the book-industry workers. All employees of whatever rank and salary in the industry are invited to attend.

LAURA CARMON, Secretary,
Office Workers' Union.

New York City.

Public Defenders for New York

SIR: The successful operation of the office of Public Defender in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Alameda Counties, California, during many years—as well as the general public satisfaction accorded the office of Public Defender in eight counties in Connecticut—call attention to the need for the establishment of Public Defenders by law throughout the country. . . .

Not long ago, the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, an organization statewide in its scope, through its section on the administration of justice made a report—after a comprehensive survey—which was adopted by the entire Club. The following extract from the report is most significant:

> Even under existing conditions, too many innocent persons are accused of crime and put to the peril of proving their innocence and some innocent persons are convicted. The official files showed that in Southern California alone during the last seven years there have been nine convictions for felony of persons wholly innocent, whose innocence was later officially proved and who received pardons from the Governor on this ground.

Public Defender Gerald J. Kenny, of San Francisco County, has asserted publicly that his office has saved the county money by the elimination of unnecessary trials. Judge William T. Aggeler, of Los Angeles, a former Public Defender, and Frederick H. Verco, the present Public Defender of Los Angeles County, have stated publicly that the Public Defender's office saved the County several times its cost of operation by the conscientious manner in which the defense of accused poor persons is conducted. New York and other communities might well profit by the splendid example set by the three California and eight Connecticut counties with respect to affording adequate legal protection to poor persons accused of crime, and presumably innocent until their guilt is proved. . . .

defense of accused poor persons to the attention of the newly created Judicial Council of the State of New York. It is hoped that thereby such recommendations may be made to and acted upon by the legislature, as will tend to eliminate the impression long prevalent in the public mind, that there exists in this country "one law for the rich and one for the poor."

MAYER C. GOLDMAN, Chairman,
Committee on Public Defenders of the New York State Bar Association.

New York City.

An Opening for Idiots

SIR: It is evident from the speeches and twisting and turnings of our eminent statesmen and politicians that they are hopelessly *verwickelt* (balled up) in the following dilemma: How to obtain candidates with popular appeal who are not tainted by knowledge and thought. That certainly presents a grave problem in culture.

New Milford, Conn. CHARLES A. BEARD.

Extracts from Letters

WHEN the New York police, after emptying the courtroom of people who came to attend the trial of those arrested after the disturbance in front of the Relief Commissioner's office, began attacking people on the sidewalk, one of those beaten was Mrs. Myra Marini. She writes us, however, not to complain about her own injuries, but to tell about the situation of the prisoners:

"There was a youth of twenty, David Jenkins. He is now out on bail. The tale he tells of brutal beatings in the jail would make your hair rise. Repeatedly these prisoners were taken, one by one, and given the third degree. Sitting there, waiting your turn, hearing the others scream, is about the most horrible thing you can imagine, he said. They shackle you, put you against the wall, beat you with a rubber hose, slap you, twist your nose, kick you in the groin. But there was a swell spirit among the prisoners.

"The others are still there. It made you feel like a traitor to leave them. They are still undergoing the beatings. They are given a nauseous soup to eat that brings on indigestion. They need a little spending money—once a day they are allowed to buy sandwiches, milk, cigarettes and sodas.

"There is an urgent need for funds," Mrs. Marini adds. "The Defense Committee must have money for bail, for premiums on bonds, court fees, etc, for mailing and publicizing the case. Please send all funds to the Defense Committee of the Committee of One Hundred, care of Glassman, 29 East Twentieth Street, New York City."

An experiment in depression magazines will make its appearance with the first number of Space, recently issued from Norman, Oklahoma, under the editorship of B. A. Botkin and Paul C. Snodgress. Space will not pay for contributions, hoping that authors have unsalable manuscripts that they cannot place elsewhere, but that are still worth publishing. The editors aim to obtain material that is "off the beaten track of both standard and 'little' magazines."

Clara Leiser, 7 Park Avenue, New York City, is at work on a biographical and critical study of William Ellery Leonard and his work, and is eager to communicate with anyone who has known or is now in touch with him. "I should be grateful," she writes, "for an opportunity to see letters written by Mr. Leonard; they will be speedily copied and returned. To save Mr. Leonard the trouble of replying to any anxious but unnecessary letters regarding my undertaking, let me add that I am a former student of his and that I proceed with his full permission."

Dr. Jacob Shatzky, 722 West 168th Street, New York City, is engaged in a biography of Morris Rosenfeld (1862-1923), the famous Yiddish-American poet. He will be grateful to learn of any unpublished letters by or about Rosenfeld, personal recollec-

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The Old Navy Game

IT IS really a very grand show when the fleet leaves off steaming around in circles burning up the taxpayers' fuel, and gets itself together, and steams in to be looked at by the taxpayers. (And the wishes of the ranking admiral are made known to the ranking vice-admiral, who digs up his old fore-and-aft hat and issues commands to rear-admirals of cruiser divisions and light-cruiser divisions and destroyer squadrons, who in turn issue commands to captains of individual ships, who tremble a little and swear a little and pass still more commands down through first lieutenants, etc., to the crew, which issues no commands at all but scrubs and shines brightwork and slaps paint around to beat hell, and thinks, Well, I'd be damn well out of this I wonder did she get the letter though she wouldn't answer not her well I wonder it's repeal now in New York anyway.)

So ships converge from everywhere and browse along up the coast, and the papers carry feature articles for days saying what good sailors the sailors are; and then, at a given and awful signal from the flagship, the whole complex array swings up into a twelve-mile line, all a buzz and twitter of signal flags, blinkers, radio, to move with vast and inexorable precision to a reviewing stand at which it inexorably arrives (owing to a slight miscalculation) something like two hours late. But it is a great show just the same. It arrives and steams past with saluting batteries popping and bands playing (Every admiral has a flagship, every flagship has a band, Yo heave hearty ho, every flagship, etc.), and the President says over his chin, Well done, which comment is transferred to the signal halyards. The carriers turn up into the wind and shoot off planes like spitballs, the air and water are heavy with the nation's defense, and everybody says with the President, Well done, as why shouldn't they? The show is the thing. The "Cincinnati" there did of course blow her own rail off trying with continued unsuccess to lay a few shells on a Chinese battery at 500 yards once, and some of the old ladies here today would it is feared shake their bottoms out at anything faster than the present fifteen knots, and the submarines, not here today, do go down better than they come up; but no matter for that now. A fleet is like a national park: small good for growing asparagus but wonderful to see.

So from the Ambrose lightship to upper Manhattan the waters and shores and office buildings are black with taxpayers. Holiday for clerks and newspaper men. Holiday for Mr. Morgan and his "Corsair" (no taxes for Mr. Morgan). Holiday for (no holiday for sailors standing like pegs at attention and getting groused at by everyone in command to show everyone in higher command that the situation is under control)—holiday even for pacifists, because after all you can't see the "Pennsylvania" coming down out of the mist and just say Fie, sir, for shame.

For slick lines and a general look of efficiency, I suppose, the new cruisers supersede battleships like the "Pennsylvania," now leading the fleet. Yet there is something in the mass and solemn sweep of deck to these old first-line guards—like castles with their piled turrets and controls and fighting tops, yet long and naked, close to the water like racers—something that still makes them the best symbol for might yet devised. Sliding up massive and sure, the "Pennsylvania" makes the water seem to move back instead. Rock of ages, it seems, intricately controlled; puffing her twenty-one squibs of polite salute, but capable of thunder. It all makes people fall silent, and then want to cheer. Some cheer; some blow horns. I think, Wouldn't I like to get up on that high bridge, though, and ring up full speed on the telegraph and give three snorts on the whistle, and go down and fire off a turret just for the hell of it. I think, Come, come, what economic waste.

After the flagship come the "Lexington" and "Saratoga," looking like the island of Manhattan, and after them the heavy cruisers; and by now the smoke of saluting batteries is lying across the water in shreds, and through it you can just make out a light cruiser clucking along in front of her brood of destroyers. The destroyers take a long time in passing, because this is not a newsreel but a grave occasion, and no chance for them to go off with their fantails in a boil of water and a high clear wave cutting up from the bow. The people begin to resent the destroyers (such a swarm of them, with their fussy decks and absurd little anticlimax of a mainmast) and fall to peering up at the planes and trying to spot the President's stand on the "Indianapolis." A woman on the boat from which some of us more well-to-do taxpayers review our fleet says, *I* don't think they're such very great battleships, and her man explains patiently and in a loud voice that they are not battleships at all, but cruisers; and on the lower deck the crap game starts up again.

There is a break after the destroyers and then a renewal of interest, because it is time for the light cruisers, lying into the slight swell with their lean flanks, most beautiful of ships. They come along easily, with a ball of smoke in two or three of their stacks, a fine rake to their decks and tall sparred masts, 7,000-odd tons and no wider than a narrow street. They are so proper and businesslike here I cannot help feeling it a pity they cannot be shown at their best, with clouds coming down and a good swinging sea, and they riding up into it, fast, trim, humming with the power below and wind in the rigging, leaving a low line of black smoke and a great chop of white water to either side. That is perhaps what is wrong with (the battleships are coming up now, the last of the line as always, for they must not be risked; to lose one would be unseemly and where would you get another?) that is the trouble with this whole navy business. Here the citizens own a whole fleet and rarely see it—except people like the President, who have enough to see already—and even then not at its best. It is out there chasing its tail and firing salvos and dropping torpedoes (or playing at it) all the year, and what do the citizens get for their money? They get bits of newsreel now and then and, for the rest, a lot of weaving bluejackets, intent upon their obscure pleasure and making the subway unsafe underfoot. I think (the review winds up with a few transports, and the pleasure craft turns back as the long line of the fleet heads in for the Narrows) I think since we own the damn useless beauties and can't get rid of them, we should have a chance to see them occasionally without having to join the navy. We might stop building more ships and use the ones we've got, I think, as we start in after that long solemn line, now extending on out of sight in the haze. We might very well use half the fleet to take the owners (not the President) out to see the other half in action, and not only once in a lifetime.

At the docks you are hustled back from the stringpiece by a score of mounted police, lest you get pushed off by the swelling crowd. A great crowd of taxpayers has come here and stood here and waited for a brief glimpse of their own $750,000,000 plaything, not just having a dollar for passage to the reviewing ground upon them, apparently, but happy in brief glimpses

OTIS FERGUSON

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Holocaust

LET'S begin with two flat superlatives. "A Chinese Testament"[1] is the best book I have read about China, which in turn is the most interesting country in the world today. Even Russia is less exciting now, because Russia has chosen its direction and gone rushing ahead; for the moment everything is a question of tempo. China is still groping for a path. Feudalism, laissez-faire capitalism, fascism and communism, the old and all the dozen varieties of the new, are engaged in a struggle of which the issue is uncertain. A coolie bending under the weight of a sedan chair looks up and sees an airplane overhead that was manufactured, perhaps, in a Chinese factory with all the latest precision instruments. A feudal landlord marches out at the head of his retainers to fight the military commander of a soviet district, educated in Moscow. A thousand years of history may be summarized—in this book they *are* summarized—dramatically in a single life.

But the Chinese are also the hardest people in the world to write about effectively. A double task of translation is involved. Not only must the speech be rendered into a Western language—a difficult task in itself, considering that most Chinese words have an emotional color different from ours, "white," for example, being the color of mourning—but also the very *deeds* must be translated into Western terms, must be explained and motivated so that they retain their human value instead of becoming merely picturesque or quaint. Ideally it takes two people working in collaboration to produce a good book on China. It takes a native to understand the meaning of the life there, and a foreigner to make it intelligible to a Western audience. There are a few exceptions to this rule—as notably in the case of writers like Pearl Buck and Agnes Smedley who have lived in the country and worked on such intimate terms with its people that they have acquired a double personality, part of it Chinese; the collaboration takes place within their minds. In the present book, however, the collaboration is between two extraordinary men, and the results of it are even more illuminating than a novel like "The Good Earth" or a book of vivid reporting like "Chinese Destinies."

Sergei Tretiakov, the Russian novelist and playwright, spent a year teaching at Peking University, in the days when the Chinese revolution was at its height. One of his students was a round-faced, solemn-eyed young man with thin, drooping shoulders and a narrow chest racked by coughs—Tan Shih-hua was his name, and he came from a village in Szechuan, far in the southern interior of China. Tan followed his teacher to Moscow, and accepted with enthusiasm Tretiakov's proposal to write an accurate biography of a Chinese student. Every day for six months they held a conference that lasted from four to six hours, while the Russian asked questions and the young Chinese gradually laid bare his heart. This book, Tretiakov explains in his Preface, is really an extended interview; "but since it embraces more than twenty-six years of a man's life, it might be called a 'Bio-Interview.'"

It is characteristic of Tretiakov to undertake a project like this and invent a name for it. He likes to be hard, objective, factual, modern in all things, including dress (see Matthew Josephson's article in last week's New Republic). More than six feet tall, with his head partly bald and partly shaved, great horn-rimmed spectacles resting on the high bridge of his nose, and specially made clothes with zippers instead of buttons, he looks like the drawings I remember of Mr. Skygack from Mars. He tells visitors that he used to write poems out of his head, but now (tapping his ear) he writes only what he hears and sees. . . . It is likely that Tretiakov foreshadows the sort of extravagances in which many writers will indulge during the years to come. They will be romantically unromantic; they will avoid inspiration as if it were a dangerous drug and will carry objectivity to the same extremes that subjectivity was carried by writers like Yeats and Mallarmé. Of the two forms of excess, Tretiakov's is probably less dangerous, since an objective writer, if he chooses the proper objects, will at least leave valuable documents behind him; whereas a purely subjective writer, unless he has the highest talent, will leave behind him nothing but personal and half-intelligible moans. But objectivity, too, has its dangers: it leads to dryness, hastiness, the mere piling up of facts; and these are faults I understand that Tretiakov has not always avoided. In this book, however, he is saved from them by the object he has chosen—saved, that is, by the intensity and warmth of Tan Shih-hua and by the extraordinary story he has to tell.

In twenty-six years, little Tan saw his world completely transformed, all its old values destroyed and new ones fighting to be established. He was born in a half-feudal household high above the banks of the Yangtze. All the men of his family were scholars; women did the work of the household, hobbling off to market on their little, deformed feet, their "golden lilies." The life they led was peaceful and full of mental and bodily satisfactions, but even a child was conscious of its being menaced by foreigners and by corrupt imperial officials. . . . Twenty years later, when Tan came home for a visit, everything in the village was changed. Szechuan had been ruled by a dozen revolutionary and counter-revolutionary governments, the countryside was overrun with bandits, opium poppies were grown instead of rice, most of the old families had lost their money and new families had risen. There were no old-fashioned scholars any more. The boys and girls were crowding into modern high schools, learning to talk about nationalism and communism. Even Tan's three-year-old daughter begged him for a foreign dress.

In the course of the book there are several unusually fine passages. There are, for example, the chapters dealing with Tan's early childhood, full of sentiment and unexpected humor. There is the story of how his father came home from Japan to organize the first revolution, and secretly carried on his work while acting as chief of police. Again there is Tan's pathetic romance; his father made him break it off because the girl's family consisted of reactionary officials, and he had to marry an ugly and stupid woman instead. There is the description of life in Peking at the university—the intellectual ferment there, the translations from Tolstoy and Kropotkin, the impression made by John Dewey's lectures, and the part played by the students in the civil war, when, "after a day's work, with our eyes and fingers tired, we would fall into a heavy slumber. We had no time to go to a bath house. We grew filthier and

[1] A Chinese Testament: The Autobiography of Tan Shih-hua as told to Sergei Tretiakov. New York: To be published June 12

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students lectured on socialism to the coolies, who for the first time received the impression that they were something more than beasts of burden.

And now, with the book ended, Tan Shih-hua has gone back to China and has disappeared. Tretiakov explains that for two years his letters to his student and collaborator have been unanswered. "Perhaps he has become a Communist, and like his father, who once wandered from village to village with his insurgent army, continues to carry on guerilla warfare around the populous villages of Hunan and Kiangsi. Or perhaps he has fallen into the executioner's hands, and his head with its sparse black hair and quiet eyes is peering through the bamboo bars of a basket-cage in some marketplace far in the interior of China." That, we know, has been the fate of hundreds of his contemporaries. Others, including several gifted young poets and novelists, have been kidnaped and tortured, then shot, buried alive or left to die in prison. The bravest spirits of Tan's university generation have died in this fashion and the weaker ones have been terrified into surrendering their aspirations—China during the last ten years has been offering up a vast holocaust of youth. But all these lives haven't been wasted. Younger boys and girls are taking the places of the dead; and meanwhile the great movement that began among the students has been taken over by the coolies, the mill hands, the revolutionary peasants of Red China.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Hell Afloat

The Death Ship: The Story of an American Sailor, by B. Traven. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

HERE IS a monumental tale by a great teller of truthful and imaginative stories about those who have nothing to sell but their labor—the lowermost bricks in a toppling structure. Although B. Traven's "Death Ship" is the first of his work to be published in America, it has for years been, of all his six or seven fine novels, the best known in Europe—especially German-reading Europe—where he won a vast popularity.

The rest of his writings have a Mexican or Central American locale; and so, during the last several years, has Traven himself. Not even European publishers who have dealt with him for years know more than the code address under which he receives mail. He is in Mexico City, and then in Tamaulipas, and always going off to live with the *Indios,* whose lives, labors and homeland form the background of a nonchalant series of masterworks: "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," "Government," "The Cotton Pickers," "Land of Springtime," "The Carts," "The White Rose" and, most recent of all, "March into the Caboa" (the mahogany jungle).

B. Traven. . . . Even the first name is unknown. A German literary directory gives it as Bruno, but when the reviewer so addressed a letter to him, the reply was characteristic: "Not Bruno. . . . It is good Anglo-Saxon my first name is. No need to tell the world. At least not yet." But there is plenty of need to tell this part of the world what a grinning and grimacing giant of story-telling is here, worldly-wise, sarcastic, sly, endlessly ironical, tender, and enraptured by his subjects. Class-conscious and class-proud, he writes—or rather, as one of the many enthusiastic German critics pointed out, he *talks*—novels that show what a healthily and legitimately romantic proletarian literature can be, by being it.

"The Death Ship" provides [illegible] work, doing for the slaves in machines that float something of what his others novels do for the agrarian and rural proletariat of the Latin American countries. It concentrates in the stokehold of the doomed and rattly "Yorricke" the essence of all the world's back-breaking toil. An American seaman loses ship and papers in Antwerp, finds himself a man without country, identity or rights. Harried by one bureaucracy after another, he at last finds a temporary haven in Spain; but he signs on the most decrepit oilcan afloat—a vessel engaged in smuggling arms till she can conveniently be sunk for the insurance. The story builds up epically out of the ferocious sea slavery, the hardships that continue until the sailor-narrator and his unforgettable fellow coal-heaver are shanghaied on board another "death ship," which immediately goes down at sea. The moral struggle underlying all this is in stark relief; but it is not the simpering, snobbish, nice-people morality of Conrad, with whom Traven is certain to be compared. Clearly a worker, he writes in a way to make workers recognize, approve and applaud.

Traven's American publishers claim to know he is an authentic American. But "The Death Ship" in English, besides many changes and a little sexing-up (as compared with the German) contains sentences hardly written by an American born and bred. Speculating on private evidence, as well as upon that of this book, I hazard that he is a Scandinavian by early upbringing, a working man-of-the-world, intimately familiar with much of Europe, the United States, and now Latin America.

Of course he is being banned to make the Third Reich safe for Nazi morale: "No more connection with Germany in chains," he says in a recent letter. To the boss layers of any nation he must indeed be a disquieting influence. Great laughing gusts blow through his books, scouring the mists and dusts of leisure-class ideology, praising personal freedom and the inherent heroism of those who sweat, and are self-reliant. When a few years ago he received a fat offer from a German film concern, "I write to propagate ideas, not for reasons of profit," he informed the company.

If such seditious sentiments, plus the personal mystery, don't cause a rush for Traven, there is nothing to do but rely on the abounding vitality and humanity of his novels, which have everything except respectability, restraint and a rigorous sense of form.

HERBERT A. KLEIN.

Composite Photograph

Homage to Henry James. The Hound and Horn. Vol. VII, No. 3. April—June, 1934. $1.

WHEN FOUR ladies and ten gentlemen of letters gather together to render homage to an artist who has been dead these eighteen years and about whom there has been precious little agreement, the consequent symposium should be of considerable interest, especially if the editor of it has been sufficiently catholic in soliciting contributors. No one will accuse Mr. Lincoln Kirstein of being too broad in his sympathies, but in this case he has given us a number of The Hound and Horn that is not only worth looking through but actually worth reading, if only because it makes clear that a new opinion of Henry James is slowly emerging. The notion, long held, that James was nothing but a rather extraordinary old maid, differing only from those who made patchwork quilts three acres in extent by the fact that he wrote an equal area of perfectly astonishing fiction, is rapidly passing away. In

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man of considerable discernment in his views of character and social forces, and particularly in his ideas about the writing of fiction. The latter conception runs through the pages of this symposium, and if any complaint is to be made it is against the tacit assumption that there is anything terrifically discerning about it. Always it was possible to arrive at a correct judgment of James by reading his own books rather than those of the innumerable critics who wrote badly about him—as for example Van Wyck Brooks, Rebecca West (still mentioned here with respect), Ford Madox Ford. . . .

At the risk of seeming more invidious than I intend being, I should select the papers by Edmund Wilson, Newton Arvin and Robert Cantwell as being the best in the lot, with those by Edna Kenton, Stephen Spender and R. P. Blackmur standing but little below them in value. The others we can safely let rest in the book for the reader to discover at his leisure. But rising in significance above any of the writing about him are the contributions from Henry James himself, the two brief letters and the "Project of Novel," which is his manifesto of "The Ambassadors," now for the first time printed, though only in part. I might also add the pictures of James taken by Alice Boughton, for they are so excellent that they bring James vividly before us.

Mr. Wilson's interest is psychological and centers in the "ambiguity" that he discovers in such James fictions as "The Turn of the Screw," "The Bostonians," "The Sacred Fount" and others—an ambiguity to be identified with James's treatment of what we today would instantly recognize as sexual aberrations. Did James know what he was doing when he dealt with these matters? Mr. Wilson is not too sure and I am provoked to wonder how much Freudian subtlety Mr. Wilson has expended on stories that to an old-fashioned mind would appear to be merely accounts of difficult or unfortunate people. He has, that is, put his finger on a characteristic to be accounted for by the limited psychology James had at his command (he matured in the sixties and seventies of the last century, remember) rather than coming very close to the center of James's mind. The papers by Messrs. Arvin and Cantwell are written from the social angle and stand out in relief against the "literary" atmosphere of the book. Mr. Arvin's contribution brings to centrality what other contributors seem struggling to bring to consciousness, namely that James was a wise and discerning social critic not at all taken in by the class he chose to write about.

In many of the papers the authors convict themselves of incomplete knowledge of James, and the reader is constantly itching either to bring to the writer's attention the exact quotation that will sustain his point, or the fact that will upset it. Even Miss Edna Kenton is tempted into incautious dogmatism at one or two points. But the outstanding deficiency in the knowledge of almost all the writers is lack of an acquaintance with the ideas and prejudices of the Elder Henry James, which, however vaguely communicated to his son, nevertheless did reach him and influence him at strategic points. Not knowing this, the writers wrestle to develop subtle explanations for peculiarities of judgment that are perfectly plain when traced to their origin.

When all is said and done, however, this symposium makes clear that Henry James stands clear and firm above the winds of critical doctrine swirling around him: there he is and there he will remain, unregardful of the chattering and scribbling about him and especially of the animosities of those who do not and cannot agree on what makes him permanently distinguished, but who are in complete agreement that he is and always will be one of the great writers of his time.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

An Introduction to Marx

What Karl Marx Really Meant, by G. D. H. Cole. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 316 pages. $2.

MR. G. D. H. COLE writes a great many long books on politics and economics—in addition to the detective stories on which he collaborates with his wife—and he does it all without a trace of haste or shoddiness; the man is amazing. But sometimes he shifts his position, from one book to another, in a fashion hard for his readers to understand. Thus, when he planned and edited the recent book, "What Everybody Wants to Know About Money," he betrayed not the faintest hint of a knowledge of Marxian theories of money, banking and credit, let alone the acceptance of such theories. In the present book, however, Mr. Cole not only explains "What Karl Marx Really Meant," and on the whole does so capably, but also announces himself forthrightly as a Marxist.

Having made this announcement, Mr. Cole does not remain standing halfway. He finds nothing mystical in the dialectical method of envisaging a given society as a moving whole. The materialist conception of history he finds so acceptable that he prefers to speak of it as a "realist" conception. His analysis of social-economic classes and their relations in existing society, while it may diverge in some respects from a revolutionary appraisal of these factors, is nevertheless fundamentally Marxian in method; facts and tendencies, not wishes and illusions, are the bases of his argument.

On the whole he finds that the present situation fully bears out all the essentials of the Marxian analysis of the inherent contradictions of capitalism. Towards the end of the last century, while capitalist economy was still in its rising phase, it was possible to belittle the effects of the concentration of capital and to point to an advancing standard of life among the wage-workers, or at least certain sections of them. But nowadays, with worldwide mass unemployment, the cry about overproduction, the rise of fascism and the crushing of trade unions, it is not so easy to deny the existence of a tendency to depress the living standard of the masses; the theory of increasing misery has become a palpable fact.

The only modification of Marxian theory that Mr. Cole would introduce at this point is the rise of the "new" middle class of technicians and big-business administrators of high and low degree. The fact is undeniable; it in no way contradicts the Marxian theory, but on the contrary is a direct consequence of the concentration of capital. But it is true that Marx did not treat the problem specifically, for he was avowedly concerned only with the fundamentals of capitalist society. And in essence the "new" middle class is just as divided against itself, economically and psychologically, as the "old" one.

In this brief notice it is impossible to refer to Mr. Cole's various criticisms and proposed modifications of the theory. Some of these certainly deserve careful discussion. But one must reject as utterly useless his attempt at reconciling the Marxian theory of value with the marginal-utility theory, a theory that finds its logical conclusion in the "equilibrium economics," which Mr. Cole himself characterizes in the first pages of this book as having been

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brought to "barren perfection" by Pareto and the economists of the Austrian school. The chapters on the value theory are the weakest part of the book. There are also other debatable points, but in general the book is highly intelligent and well informed and can be cordially recommended as an introduction to Marxism.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

Lilliputians

Excursion to Lilliput, by Lewis Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.

Bloody Mary's, by Geoffrey Dennis. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

Frost in May, by Antonia White. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

LEWIS GIBBS'S reconstruction of a day in the life of a twelve-year-old English boy *is* an excursion to Lilliput, personally conducted by one just a trifle too smugly aware that he is not as other adults are, but really remembers and understands the momentous joys and sorrows of childhood. An artist in mosaic, he deals faithfully and expertly with such minutiae as the feel of a pencil, and the delicious look, to twelve-year-old eyes, of a chocolate-cream bar. He gives us convincingly also the perplexities and adjustments of the twelve-year-old mind, stumbling through the mazes of an adult-ruled world; but the book suffers from an excess of detail, which is wearying even though it does show just how beautifully Mr. Gibbs has remembered.

Something of the same quality of total recall and a rather tedious earnestness mark Geoffrey Dennis' "Bloody Mary's," a story of the horrors of English grammar-school life in the early years of the century. It is a singularly repulsive book, but written with a dogged and convincing sincerity that compels respect. Here too the reader is personally conducted over the territory of a vanished childhood and, though the conductor's personality is irritating, his musings slightly pretentious, in the end he is left with an unforgettable picture of this small, perverse and cruel world. The headmaster's canes, Sunny Jim, Caligula, Aunt Susan and Black Maria, carefully graded to a nice correspondence with degrees of schoolboy crime, are dwelt on by the narrator with a masochistic relish that gives to the book its slighty disgusting quality, and also with a curious undertone of pride in the brutality he is condemning that seems peculiarly British. One encounters that same pride in defenders of the Public Schools and admirers of empire builders.

An English child's school life is relived—but with a difference—in Antonia White's exquisite "Frost in May," the story of Nanda Grey's years in the Convent of the Five Wounds. Here we have no intrusive guidance, no self-conscious adult relish of the situation relived; but the reader experiences an immersion in the Catholic school world and a contact with its personalities that has an overwhelming authenticity. Miss White writes simply and convincingly of tragedy in the life of a child. Her touch is as sure as it is light. "Frost in May" has been called an English "Mädchen in Uniform," and the comparison is apt. It has the same qualities of candor, humor and tenderness that distinguished the German film. Like it, it shows a sensitive, gifted adolescent caught in a conflict between her natural impulses and a system that is rigorous, impersonal and sometimes cruel, from the loftiest conviction. Nanda, [illegible] Catholic like the others," she prayed on her first night. But she never was quite a proper Catholic or quite like the others. She was discovered writing a novel. Only four chapters had been completed and these were devoted to a thirteen-year-old's idea of a brilliant, worldly, wicked society. In the last chapter all the wicked characters were to have been spectacularly converted to Catholicism, but she was given no chance to explain this. The nuns were shocked. It was decided she must leave the convent forever the next day, and after hearing this sentence she went by herself to the school chapel. "Everything was the same —the smell of beeswax, the red light of the sanctuary, the words that the children were whispering beyond the altar screen. But Nanda knew that whatever might happen in the future, nothing for her would ever be the same again."

MARTHA GRUENING.

The Ugly Duckling

The Life of Hans Christian Andersen, by Signe Toksvig. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 298 pages. $3.

THE BEST of Andersen's "Tales"—"Little Thumb," "The Nightingale," "The Fir Tree," "The Swineherd," "The Ugly Duckling"—may be taken as a point of departure into his life story. All his egocentricity, clothed in beauty, went into them; *he* was the mole, the swineherd, the tree. All his work, in fact, was a constant backward reference to his youth and early unpopularity.

His parents were a washerwoman and a cobbler turned soldier, yet Hans Christian always maintained that their courage and sensitiveness sheltered his childhood. There was also the threat of inherited madness to mark the first years in Odense. At fourteen he went to Copenhagen, wanting to be a dancer, a singer, and failing ludicrously at these careers. But still he sought his fortune, and the long "Wonder Tale" began, of subsidies, endowed travels, successes and failures in drama and fiction, a few sad love affairs. In the foreground of this life were charm and the artless, generous nature that won him friends in every country; in the background was an almost hysterical sensitivity. It was not any pure love of art that made him creative: it was the wearing need to justify himself to Denmark and to his astringent Danish friends, in particular the Collins family. "The True Story of My Life" becomes, says his biographer, a mere nervous "status-reckoning" in most of its chapters. In the midst of serenades and festivals we see him fearfully watching for the smile of ridicule—in his own words, these occasions "scorched the roots of pride rather than nourished them."

Much of his early failure as an artist may be blamed upon the "Plague-Goddess Need." He wrote in his autobiography, "I had to take every step of my creative way publicly, in front of everybody; it has been a play with the plate going around to get the artist enough to eat." Yet the "Tales," written in middle age, also came out of economic need. They belong, in their exquisite cynicism, fruitlike bitterness and limpidity of action, to the literature of the adult world rather than strictly to childhood. He called them trifles, and was confused by their success. They were written in a language new to his native literature, the spoken language, and Miss Toksvig estimates them well: "The effect was got by the contrast between the things said and the simple, ingenuous manner of saying them; the comic or tragic effect of the unaware child—the true *enfant terrible*."

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ordered the figures of children peeled off it) was placed at the heart of Copenhagen, all the testimonials were gathered in to his satisfaction finally, and he died in comparative peace on one of those summer estates that were always eagerly welcoming him.

Miss Toksvig is both an affectionate and a sensible biographer; she has gone carefully into original and related sources, and has provided a warm interpretation previously lacking in English to admirers of the most famous Dane.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

All for the State

The Italian Corporative State, by Fausto Pitigliani. New York:. The Macmillan Company. 324 pages. $2.50.

THE FIRST task of Fascist reaction is to smash the organized working-class movement. Its second is to transform the democratic state into a complete dictatorship by concentrating all power in the Fascist party. This requires the coördination of all political, economic and cultural organizations into the Corporative State in obedience to Mussolini's formula: "All within the state, all for the state, none against the state." The rapid development of German and Austrian Fascism has somewhat telescoped the two phases of this program, but they stand out clearly in the evolution of Fascist Italy.

Pitigliani delicately dismisses the initial stage of Fascism as a "forcible reëstablishment of internal order and of discipline in the field of labor." He is chiefly concerned with describing the complicated machinery through which this discipline is enforced. The reader who is willing to hack his way through a thicket of dull detail may gather much useful information about the political and economic structure of the Italian Corporative State, but he will find no adequate answer to the embarrassing questions of who owns and controls it. Pitigliani devotes several chapters to the hierarchical organization of the Syndicates and then gives only cursory mention to Mussolini's Fascist Grand Council, which really runs the whole show. He gravely discusses parliamentary elections and the Chamber of Deputies without a sign of suspicion that these vestigial forms of democracy are retained under Fascism for propaganda purposes only and register not "the will of the people" but the decrees of the dictatorship.

Such omissions are characteristic of the limitations of his work. In general he reveals himself as a thoroughly uncritical admirer of the Fascist regime. He accepts all Fascist pronouncements at their face value and never stops to inquire how many of the reforms he speaks of are still on paper or how far they have been put into practice. He describes the general form but gives no specific examples of Collective Wage Contracts. We get only a few glimpses of the Labor Courts in actual operation although we do learn from Pitigliani that in one case a Labor Court granted rice weeders a reduction in wages less than the landowners demanded and that "this sentence was considered a victory for the workers." There is no record of wage increases granted.

The Labor Charter in the appendix makes it clear that the prime purpose behind the formation of the Corporative State is to fix the yoke of monopoly capital firmly upon the shoulders of the working class. This so-called "Labor Charter" is for all its fine phrases nothing but the codification of the conditions of servitude laid down for the proletariat by their capitalist masters. Strikes are outlawed, (Mussolini guarantees profits and dividends but not wages) and the state is the final arbiter in all labor disputes.

Pitigliani offers no clue to the social character of this almighty state to which all matters are referred. He accepts the Fascist view of the state as a mystic, binding force—not the executive arm of the ruling class but the conservator of moral and cultural values. He admits that Fascism came into power as the defender of private property and capitalist enterprise, but draws no conclusions therefrom. His book contains not the least intimation that the Italian Corporative State is a dictatorship, the political form of the rule of monopoly capital. Even the index has no mention of "dictatorship." Nor is there any hint that this dictatorship maintains its power over the working class by force and terror through the very bureaucratic apparatus he describes. This Doctor of Law and Economics is apparently familiar with all the forms but none of the facts about Fascism.

GEORGE E. NOVACK.

Books in Brief

Letters to the New Island, by William Butler Yeats. Edited with an introduction by Horace Reynolds. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. 222 pages. $2.

MR. REYNOLDS has gone to the files of The Providence Journal and The Boston Pilot and has there unearthed nineteen "news letters" written by William Butler Yeats from London; they cover a five-year period, 1887-92. Reading them we reconstruct the early Yeats who wrote his prose for bread and butter. The results are more attractive than one might expect, for the Yeats of twenty-three was not a bad reporter; he knew his way about the younger literary groups, frequented the Rhymers' Club, noted Robert Browning's death, read the new books and magazines, went to the theatre. And in these papers one rereads the genesis of Yeats's interest in a national Irish movement, of his admiration for John O'Leary and Maude Gonne; the little essays are studded with names and events and one feels the action of the day stirring through them as though they were the first draft of a history so memorably rewritten in the "Autobiographies." Though little of the polish that was to mark Yeats's later prose is evident here, one cannot mistake the personality; though none pretends to be more than what it is, all betray signs of the deliberate master of prose that Yeats was to become.

H. G.

America Faces the Next War, by Frank H. Simonds. New York: Harper and Brothers. 101 pages. $1.

Ever since 1914, Mr. Simonds has ranked as one of the foremost American publicists specializing in foreign affairs. With a large knowledge of the political and military history of Europe, he combines a powerful logic and a vigorous style that occasionally rises to picturesqueness. The present little book, like its many predecessors, exhibits all the virtues of its author as well as his one outstanding defect. He knows that, with the advent of Hitler, another European war has ceased to be a possibility and has become a certainty; that, as in the years between 1905 and 1914, peace in Europe is now at the mercy of an incident; and that present and future American intervention in European affairs is bound to land us once more where the policy of President Wilson and Colonel House landed us. His only flaw—and it is an important flaw—is an almost methodical ignoring of the internal history of nations and, above all,

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Traders to the Navajos, by Frances Gillmor and Louisa Wade Wetherill. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 265 pages. $3.

John and Louisa Wetherill, both of pioneer stock, are a couple who have built a career and achieved fame by studying their own country. Before their marriage John had discovered and excavated the Mesa Verde cliff dwellers and had unearthed even more ancient civilizations. Afterwards the Wetherills set up a trading post among the Navajos, several days' journey from white civilization. Mrs. Wetherill accommodated herself so well to life among the Indians that the head chief adopted her as his granddaughter, and her husband and children were recognized as members of the community. She learned the language so well that she was given the Indian name of Asthon Sosi, the Slim Woman captured long ago by the Utes. Because of their sympathy and adaptability, the Wetherills have done remarkable work in interpreting white ways to the Indians and Navajo culture to the whites. J. G.

The Eyes of the Movie, by Harry Alan Potamkin. New York: International Pamphlet Series. No. 38. 31 pages. 10 cents.

This essay, brought out posthumously, considers the movie as it has been consistently exploited in a manner "favorable to the equilibrium of the ruling class and unfavorable to the working class," and goes on to indicate that "this is truer in the realm of the film than the other arts, for the film more than the other arts is the art of the people." Drawing upon an inexhaustible knowledge of which pictures did what, Mr. Potamkin shows how utterly the movie world has been the oyster of the power group in its fomentation of class and race hatreds, imperialism, Red-baiting and war. Though its hypotheses are familiar and their elaboration here too factual to be of much general interest, the monograph should be invaluable as a source book for students of the ruling-class propaganda of the last thirty years. O. F.

Company Parade, by Storm Jameson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"Company Parade," Miss Jameson explains in a letter to her publisher, is the first of a series of five novels to be written "as a sort of ground plan of the advance (which, for all I know, may be to the bottom of a pit) of contemporary civilization. . . . It is obvious that what you gain in excitement and color by choosing to write a novel about it, you lose in clearness." In this first book Miss Jameson depicts members of the young intellectual class under the impact of War and its aftermath, and if the general problem loses in clearness by her chosen medium, her characters and their predicaments do not. We have the sense of frightened people living in an earthquake zone, the War having been merely the violent upheaval that made evident a fault already inherent in the social terrain. The "Merchants of Death," afraid of the consequences of their evil traffic, are more subtly active than ever. Hervey Russell, trying against desperate odds to eke out a living for herself and her son, can find solid ground nowhere. Her husband, fresh from the aviation corps, has no sympathy with her efforts to lay a foundation for their lives, and offers neither support nor fidelity. Her friends are cracking under the strain of old wounds and the specter of destitution; the celebrities in her own field are shallow and insincere. Miss Jameson says that this, the first, is the poorest book in her planned series; it is, however, the most promising thing

Contributors

JOHN M. and EMILY WHITE STEVENS MACLACHLAN are at the University of North Carolina, where for some years they have specialized in the study of problems of Southern agriculture.

AGNES SMEDLEY, who was for some years Shanghai correspondent for The Frankfurter Zeitung, is the author of "Daughter of Earth," "Chinese Destinies" and "The Chinese Red Army," the last to be published next fall by The Vanguard Press.

WARREN C. HUDDLESTONE has published verse and prose in Anvil, The Hub and The New Quarterly.

OTIS FERGUSON, who served a term of enlistment as seaman with the United States fleet, prefers living in New York City.

HERBERT A. KLEIN is an American newspaper man who for three years acted as Berlin correspondent for a group of papers. He translated and edited "Brains Behind Barbed Wire," a book containing the stories of intellectuals in Nazi concentration camps.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "The Three Jameses," "Bitter Bierce" and "Why We Fought."

HERMAN SIMPSON, a student of Marxist theory, contributed to the recent symposium, "Recovery Through Revolution."

MARTHA GRUENING contributes articles and reviews to various magazines.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE is the author of "Salt House," a novel of Cape Cod, published in February by Frederick A. Stokes.

GEORGE E. NOVACK, recently of the staff of E. P. Dutton and Company, is at work on a history of American philosophy since the Civil War.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Horace Gregory, Herman Simpson, Joe Gould, Otis Ferguson and Beatrice E. Bettinger.

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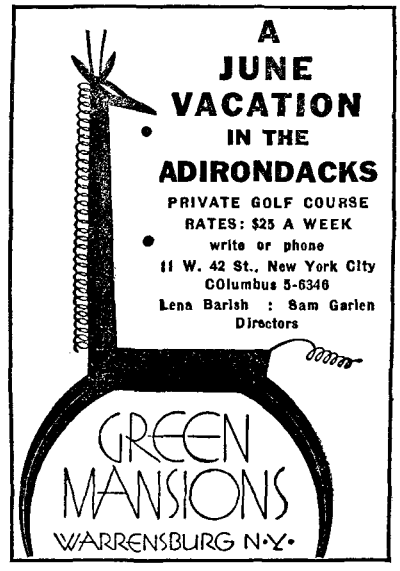

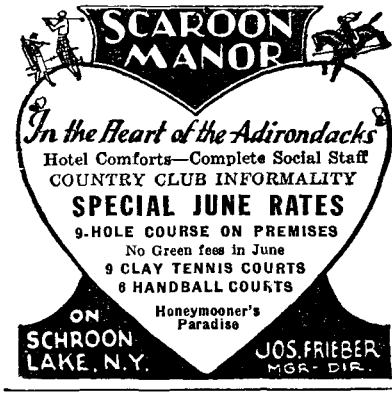

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